

December 20-27, 1958

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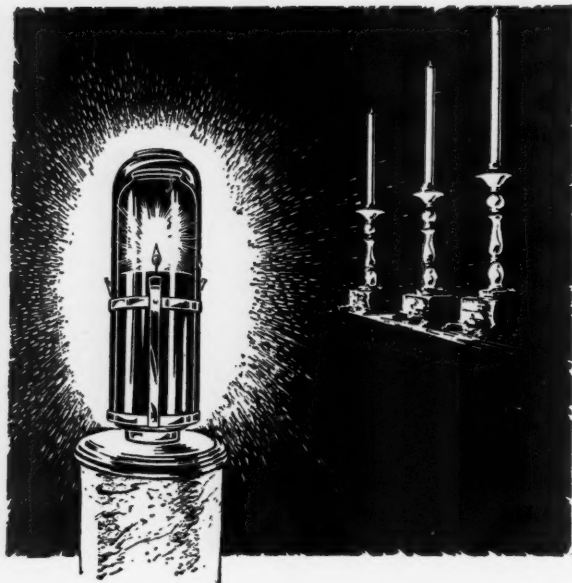


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PURVEYORS TO THE VATICAN BY APPOINTMENT

SYRACUSE BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO
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America

National Catholic Weekly Review

Vol. C No. 12

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Current Comment

Dulles on Red China

Speaking in San Francisco on Dec. 4 at the height of the Berlin crisis, Secretary of State Dulles devoted the major portion of his foreign-policy speech not to Germany but to the Far East and the question of recognizing Red China. Was Mr. Dulles speaking for the benefit of the World Order Study Conference of the National Council of Churches? [See Robert A. Graham's article in this issue, p. 367. Ed.]

Meeting in Cleveland not two weeks before the Dulles speech, this influential Protestant body had recommended recognition of Red China and its seating in the UN (AM., 12/6, p. 303). Mr. Dulles calmly pointed out the folly of such a course at the present time.

Far from guaranteeing peace in the Far East, said the Secretary, recognition of the Peking regime would jeopardize the free-world position in Asia. He went on:

Such recognition and the seating of the Chinese Communists in the UN would so increase their prestige in the Far East . . . that the Communist subversive efforts would almost surely succeed.

Moreover, he noted, "there is no principle in international law" which says we must recognize the fact of any regime's existence, particularly one "dedicated to expelling us from the Western Pacific." He reminded short-sighted advocates of greater trade with Peking of a possible loss of \$2.5 billion in exports to Asia, were Red China given a free economic hand in the Far East.

We could add a few arguments of our own to those of Mr. Dulles. But even as it stands, the Dulles address makes far better sense than the message of the World Order Study Conference.

Close of the I.G.Y.

The science of the earth and its atmosphere has always been hampered by the relative fewness of investigators and the astounding variety and complexity of the phenomena studied. But geophysics may make rapid progress,

now that the major problems have for the first time been subjected to a massive assault on all fronts.

The International Geophysical Year, which began July 1, 1957, closes on Dec. 31. The researches of 60,000 scientists, technicians and volunteer observers at 2,500 stations set up from pole to pole, represent the largest fact-finding enterprise ever undertaken. The great globe itself and its spatial environment have been the scene of an exciting treasure hunt for information that will inevitably influence early space flight, the uses of solar energy, efforts to control climate, etc.

Ranging from radiation measurements telemetered from orbiting moons down to the discovery of valuable ore-bearing sludges on the Pacific bottom, such an enormous mass of data has been collected that 10 to 15 years will be required for organization, computation and interpretation.

One of the healthiest features of the I.G.Y. was recently noted by Hugh Odishaw, executive director of the U. S. National Committee for this global laboratory experiment. It took place "in a period of sharp and perhaps unparalleled political unrest."

The I.G.Y. will pay off in material benefits to mankind. But how we wish there might be, under God, an International Geopolitical Year that could "work us a perpetual peace."

Firmness in the Right

In official U. S. and UN circles the fear is often expressed that a strong and forceful stand against Red tyranny may at times only react to the disadvantage of those for whom the fight is made. What will happen, they ask, if the Hungarian delegation is expelled from the UN General Assembly (a move urged editorially in this Review last week)? In reprisal, they conjecture, the Hungarian regime may break off diplomatic relations with the United States. What then would become of Cardinal Mindszenty, who now enjoys asylum in the U. S. legation?

Cardinal Mindszenty, though free, is

virtually incommunicado. We have no means, therefore, of knowing just how he would regard such UN action as might finally result in his being imprisoned again by the Communists. But a letter from a priest in Szabolcs may serve to give us an idea how people are thinking at this moment in Hungary:

The mills of the Lord grind slowly but inexorably. I remembered this eternal truth when I was informed that the representatives of earthly injustice are to be ejected from the assembly of the decent world. Our people are looking at this long-expected step as the first step towards the victory of justice, as the first step on the road toward regaining their freedom.

The Hungarian people know from their own experience that the Communists will yield only to a show of force. This lesson has already been learned by the United Nations during the Berlin blockade of 1948. The world organization should apply that lesson today. It should unseat the Hungarian delegation.

Half an Inch Onward

After a long deadlock on an agenda, the three-power conference on banning nuclear tests began to slog ahead at Geneva—maybe.

On Dec. 6 the delegates issued a communiqué stating that they had "accepted the text of a draft Article 1 of a treaty relating to the prohibition of nuclear weapons test explosions." The text was released Dec. 9.

On Dec. 8 the conferees agreed on an Article 2 which explicitly affirms the mutual obligation of the treaty powers to link the prohibition of Article 1 to an effective inspection system for detecting violations.

This merely looks like progress. At no time has the USSR given any sign that it will ever accept what we hold to be essential regarding the structure and rights of any established international control commission. Indeed, it is becoming clear that the Soviets will not become party to such a commission unless their presence in it is fortified by a built-in veto. Such a veto would make effective policing of the test ban impossible.

No matter how long the Geneva conference runs, it is still likely to fall apart like the "one hoss shay." Even then the Russians will demand that we salvage

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the "hoss" itself by buying into an uncontrolled test ban. This we must not do, and we must be ready to accept whatever propaganda losses our refusal entails.

The dissolution of the shay will not be a grave misfortune, and we hope the USSR will be told to take the "hoss" to some glue factory in Siberia. This Review still feels that our security, and that of the free world, is best served by the continued testing and development of small nuclear arms. Such testing can now be carried out underground, without fall-out perils.

Africa Goes to the UN

The United Nations is sharing France's anxiety over the nest of 18 African territories that three months ago she allowed to hatch out by themselves. Guinea so far is the only one immediately to fly the French Union.

Ten other territories have voted to remain as autonomous republics within the French Overseas Community. They are Mauritania, Senegal, French Sudan, Dahomey and the Ivory Coast in French West Africa; Chad, Gabon, Ubangi-Shari and Middle Congo in French Equatorial Africa; and Madagascar. The other seven, while approving the new French Constitution, have yet to declare how far they plan to stray from the nest. Their choices: absorption into the French Community, preservation of their present dependent status or autonomous membership within the French Union.

Fledgling Guinea lost no time in applying for admission to the UN Assembly and, with the active backing of the Afro-Asian block, was on the verge of admission as this comment was written. The ten newly autonomous republics within the Union seem destined shortly to make their UN bid, too, and not far behind them will probably be several of the presently undecided territories.

Nine of the UN's current 81-nation membership are African states. If Guinea succeeds in getting admitted and can open the door for a dozen of her sisters, the African group will command more votes than the entire European bloc. But before that day, the African territories will have to face up to more immediate concerns.

Ghana's Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah told the All-African Peoples'

Conference, held this month in Accra, his capital, that the "final assault upon imperialism and colonialism" was under way. It would be unfortunate, however, if the legitimate drive for independence were to rush Africa's young nations into Balkanizing their continent.

West Berlin Says "Nein"

West Berlin held its quadrennial elections on Dec. 7. Superficially, this was a fraternal battle for control of the three western sectors. By pressure of international politics, however, the municipal elections had a global impact.

By common consent the five anti-Communist parties turned the voting into an unofficial plebiscite on the palatability of Khrushchev's Thanksgiving Day platter: free-city status for a demilitarized Berlin. The Socialist Unity (Communist) party also campaigned on the Soviet plan until it became clear that the wishbone was not going to break the way East German Premier Grotewohl desired.

The returns now show that West Berlin shouted a mighty "Nein" to Khrushchev's "fowl play" and tossed his well-garnished turkey in the garbage pail. Fully 93.1 per cent of the eligible electors jammed the polls. The Communist party got 1.9 per cent of the total vote, and almost half of this miniscule tally represents 14,000 West Berliners who live by working in the East sector.

The embattled West Berliners, first to go to the wall if we welsh on our commitments, have proved their mettle. Their rejection of Grotewohl's phony offer of "peace, security and prosperity" is not only a defiant gesture to the East but an affirmation of hope and confidence in the West.

West Berlin is like a vulnerable offshore island that has braced itself for the big blow. May the fearful "mainland" Nato countries show a like determination to stand firmly united before the advancing eye of the hurricane.

Common Market Starts

Six of the 17 nations in the Organization for European Economic Cooperation will begin on Jan. 1 their great experiment in European unity. Each of the Six (France, West Germany, Italy and the three Benelux countries) will cut its tariffs 10 per cent and increase

its import quotas 20 per cent. This will mark the first step in a long process of demolishing trade walls that is destined eventually to result in a single market embracing 165 million people.

Unfortunately, the common market will not begin operating with the good wishes of all Europeans. Almost up to the last minute, the other eleven members of OEEC, led by Great Britain, tried to persuade the Six to coordinate their common market with a wider design for a free-trade area. Though unwilling to assume all the obligations the Six are shouldering, they wanted nevertheless to share in the tariff cuts and the loosening of quotas which the Six are conceding among themselves. Unless this were done, they warned, the common market would be a divisive instead of a unifying force in Europe, and the Six might even find themselves engaged in a trade war.

Not without good reasons the Six rebuffed their friends and are going it alone. As a gesture of good will, however, they are extending the initial 10-per-cent tariff cut to the eleven, as well as to all 37 members of GATT. In addition, they are making some cautious concessions on import quotas. With the U. S. Department of State, which has long fostered European unity, we wish the Six well.

Planes Aloft

Everywhere in the skies last week there were breaks in the clouds that had grounded, or were threatening to ground, most of the nation's big airlines. TWA was again flying its "Connies" all over the world. Capital had resumed operations earlier. American was still flying, and nobody was paying much attention to the big damage suit it had filed against the Airline Pilots Association. "Just a collective bargaining gimmick," one shrewd observer told us. Only Eastern Airlines remained grounded, and by the look of things it was going to stay grounded all through the lucrative Christmas holidays.

Eastern is being struck by the Flight Engineers, as well as by the Machinists, and is a classic example of what can happen in an industry undergoing rapid technological change. With the coming of jets, Eastern decided—with support from a panel of mediators—that its flight engineers could hold their jobs only if

they qualified for flight training. Otherwise their seats on the plane would be filled by a third pilot. Since this decision, which was heartily approved by the Airline Pilots Association, is equivalent to a death sentence for the 4,000-

Notice . . .

Following last year's practice, this Christmas Issue is the final issue of 1958. Your next *AMERICA* will be dated Jan. 3, 1959.

member Flight Engineers Union, the engineers are understandably fighting it to the bitter end. Pointing out that the flight training required would qualify them only to land a Piper Cub, the engineers scout the idea that Eastern is concerned about greater air safety. They accuse the big airline of selling out to the Airline Pilots Association.

At the risk of seeming naive, we suggest that this is the sort of controversy that ought to be settled, not by collective bargaining, but by the Government agency responsible for air safety. Is the Civil Aeronautics Board still doing business in Washington?

Law Protects Rackets

For a few days last month the shooting of a labor organizer by the head of a small cable company was a big story hereabouts. Our local labor reporters did a fine job on it. They recorded that the slain union organizer was an ex-convict; that he was employed by an outfit called the Eastern States Regional Council; that the head of the council was a convicted labor extortionist named Louis Lasky, an old pal of the notorious Johnny Dio.

The reporters also recounted how the cable plant which Lasky's group was seeking to organize, and against which it had called a wildcat strike, had for a long time enjoyed satisfactory contractual relations with the reputable and well-known International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers.

Some of the newsmen pushed their inquiry further. Victor Riesel of the New York *Mirror*, for instance, discovered that nothing is easier than to become a labor leader. To operate on the interstate level, all one has to do is file with the U. S. Department of Labor a non-Communist affidavit, a union con-

stitution and a union financial report. The Labor Department is not empowered to check the accuracy of these documents. It automatically stamps them and issues a receipt. And with that receipt in his pocket the depositor of the documents is in the union business. Indeed, he can now call upon the law to protect his organizing activities.

The purpose of the activities may be, and generally is, legitimate. But the purpose may also be extortion and theft. So far as organizing goes, it makes no difference. Between honest union organizers and labor racketeers the Taft-Hartley Act makes no distinction. If you think it should, write to U. S. Senator John F. Kennedy and tell him so.

Christmas Office Parties

If the nation goes as Chicago goes, an American custom of dubious value is on the way out. *Business Week* for Nov. 29 reports statistics from the Chicago Employer's Association to show that company Christmas parties are steadily losing popularity. The decline has been going on since 1951, but the 1958 survey showed "the sharpest year-to-year drop-off." This trend is most obvious in "white-collar get-togethers" and the reason is "embarrassing personnel situations that often develop when executive hair is let down." Another reason could be assigned—twinging consciences the morning after.

The popularity of Christmas office parties will be further reduced if the campaign of the National Safety Council (425 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11) wins wide backing, as we hope it will. The Council's surveys show that "a sizable percentage of Christmas traffic accidents occur in the early hours of the holiday period." Many of these accidents, says the Council, can be directly traced to the "highball hilarity" of the office party.

A sense of civic responsibility—not to mention the religious significance of the season—underlines the wisdom of the Council's suggestion that the Christmas office party be "dried up or cut out."

Movies Improve a Bit

Submitting to the U. S. bishops gathered at their November meeting his last report as chairman of the Episcopal Committee on Motion Pictures, Bishop

William A. Scully of Albany struck a mildly optimistic note. In this mood he passed on to Bishop James A. McNulty of Paterson, N. J., the chairmanship of the committee.

Bishop Scully had grounds for his relative cheerfulness. Since the National Legion of Decency revised its categories last December, fewer films have been rated B (morally objectionable in part for all). By setting up three A categories—A-I (morally unobjectionable for general patronage); A-II (morally unobjectionable for adults and adolescents); and A-III (morally unobjectionable for adults)—the Legion really put teeth in its B ratings. The industry has apparently paid attention. Out of 280 domestic films reviewed and rated, only 39 were tagged with a B; no single film got a C—"condemned." Of 43 foreign films, 12 got a B and 5 were condemned. In 1957, of 335 domestic films, 109 were rated B and one was condemned; of 83 foreign films, 28 got a B and 10 were condemned.

The film horizons are not all serene, however, as the bishop went on to remark. Among the moral dangers that still persist, one of the most pernicious is "sex-sensational exploitation in advertising campaigns." Bishop Scully further issued the pertinent reminders to parents that films rated A-III are not for teen-age viewing and that "horror, pseudoscience and crime films have a bad cumulative effect on the moral health and intellectual development of young people."

The work of the Legion must go on, particularly as foreign films, which contain such a high percentage of condemnable stuff, increasingly invade the neighborhood theatres.

Priests Wanted

On both sides of the Atlantic, in early November, a shortage of priests made news. At home Msgr. (Maj. Gen.) Patrick J. Ryan, retiring Chief Chaplain of the Army, called attention to a desperate need for priestly recruits. At present 75 out of an authorized 378 Catholic Army chaplaincies are unfilled. Even with a full quota, he noted, there would still be a problem of overwork. In the last two years alone this has resulted in two deaths and ten retirements because of physical disabilities among the Catholic chaplains.

The shortage of chaplains merely underlines a world-wide need for priests. Reports by experts from twelve countries, meeting in Vienna last month for the first International Congress on Vocations, make this clear. In Vienna itself 30 per cent of the diocesan clergy are over 60 years of age; only 12 per cent are under 35. While Ireland has one priest for every 593 Catholics, Vienna averages only one for 3,100. Here

in the United States, it is worth recalling, more than a third of the nation's 3,070 counties are still without resident priests.

A long-range solution of the problem necessarily involves efforts to increase priestly vocations everywhere. To meet immediately critical needs, however, attention must focus on such possible remedies as a redistribution of clerical manpower. Relief may also come from

the founding of supradiocesan seminaries to train priests for the neediest districts.

Despite ever-increasing apostolic ventures by the laity, 20th-century Catholicism faces, more than ever, a great demand for men "chosen from among men." Both supernatural and supranational vision are needed as we probe for a solution to this immensely important problem.

For Want of a Battleship

TO "the men with the broken heads and the blood running into their eyes," Monday-morning quarterbacking, either of war or football, is beneath contempt, and justifiably so. The on and off cease-fire at Quemoy, however, presents an opportunity to review our objectives and the means we have used to obtain them.

Few would-be conquerors have calculated power relationships so closely, or have had the information necessary to do so, as have the Communists. So it was that when the bombardment of Quemoy started, Communist China knew that neither the United States nor its Nationalist allies could bring to bear guns of sufficient size to silence its batteries on the Fukien coast.

The only guns capable of doing the job had been put into "mothballs" months before with the last of the American battleships as an "economy" measure.

Beyond those guns, the only adequate force available to the United States lay in its bombers, its guided missiles and their atomic bombs or warheads. The use of even one of these weapons, Peking well knew, would bring the entire Afro-Asian bloc and even a portion of Western opinion to its support.

Thus, lacking the right weapon at the right time, the United States has been forced to conduct a massive build-up in the Far East and to risk a major war in the Pacific. Such a war, it has been made plain, would be fought without the support of our European allies. Worse still, it would be fought against an enemy whose defeat could not be decisive in terms of the broader world struggle.

At Dienbienphu, four years ago, we allowed half of Vietnam to pass under Red control because our policy of "massive retaliation" left us with no lesser means of coping with the situation. At Quemoy, we have been accepting the risk of nuclear war and a split in the Western Alliance over far lesser stakes because of this same paralysis in military policy.

MR. KENNEDY writes from time to time for AMERICA on military questions.

The blame is not entirely the Administration's. The argument for reliance on air and atomic power and for a reduction in so-called conventional forces was an important factor in the winning of the 1952 Presidential election. The decision to cut the Army and Navy in favor of what has turned into a Maginot Line of the air was a national decision and the nation as a whole must assume the blame. In the years since, the willingness of the press to accept every new, untried and unproven military gadget as an absolute weapon rendering all others "obsolete" has enabled the officials and the public information staff of the Department of Defense to make weakness look like strength. The self-delusion has been deliberate. But our next nap may be our last.

We are pitted in a struggle for control of the earth, its economy and its spiritual destiny. Whether we intend to exercise such power, if we win, is of no consequence. We shall have it. If we lose, we shall be subject to the will of our enemies. The masses of the slave world need not bother their heads about military or foreign policy. They need only obey their masters. If those masters encounter only complacency and fear, the slave world will win.

The free world, on the other hand, will stand or fall on the ability of its peoples to comprehend the issues and on their ability and determination to use all their weapons, from the smallest even to the largest and most terrible. If we choose to ignore the lessons of Indo-China and Quemoy, if we go on letting the "experts" do our military thinking for us and if we go on throwing away our weapons because they are expensive or inconvenient, then we shall deserve the fate that awaits us.

We can make a start in the right direction by bringing the U.S.S. *Missouri* and one or two of her sister ships back into active service and by putting the Communist world on notice that if their batteries open up again against any free-world coastal position, they will be pulverized, sans radiation, sans fall-out.

WILLIAM V. KENNEDY

Washington Front

Conflicting Democratic Constituencies

THE Democratic National Committee has commended Paul Butler for his leadership and for his stand on civil rights. It has also kept as a member of the committee anti-segregationist Camille Gravel over the protest of Democratic leaders from Louisiana. The National Committee thus made its first bid for victory in 1960. In so doing the committee turned its back on the South, which supplies one-third of the Democratic representation in Congress in good Democratic years and half of its representation in bad years.

These actions by the committee would have been inconceivable prior to 1948. The Humphrey-Beimiller amendment to the Democratic platform of that year brought the civil rights issue out into the open as a national political issue and thereby exaggerated the differences between two clear electoral constituencies—one congressional and the other Presidential. The area of overlap between those two constituencies has been sharply reduced since 1948. Half the leaders of a Democratic Congress still come from the South but that section is considered by many as merely a party liability in Presidential campaigns. The National Committee's recent decisions must be interpreted in these terms.

Beginning in 1948 the Democrats have lost at least four southern States in each Presidential election. More important is the fact that in two of those elections it did not pick up compensating votes in the North. Richard Scammon, the nation's leading student of election statistics, has shown us that Negro districts in Northern

metropolitan areas which gave the Democrats margins of up to twenty to one for the five preceding Presidential elections went Democratic by only five to one or less in 1956.

The drop in the margin of votes for Democratic Presidential candidates is of great significance for the White House aspirations of the party, but has no effect on its congressional candidates. Since all the electoral votes of a State become the property of the party that wins even a tiny majority of the State's popular votes, any shift of a sizable portion of Negro votes away from the Democratic candidate may swing the State into the Republican column. Negroes in the North are concentrated in the industrial States, whose big electoral votes the Democrats cannot afford to lose.

The old axiom that the party which loses an off-year election will lose the next Presidential election simply isn't valid, and Mr. Butler and the National Committee know it. Like most axioms based on a cyclical theory of politics it never had much point even when it was in vogue. Today it has no validity. Mr. Truman in 1948 and Mr. Eisenhower in 1956 were elected despite the fact that their respective parties had lost control of Congress two years before. The clearer it becomes that congressional and Presidential victories are won with votes from different constituencies, the more certain it is that those who work to elect Democratic Presidents are not going to gamble that the party can carry water on both shoulders—as Mr. Stevenson tried so unsuccessfully to do on civil rights matters in 1956.

Mr. Butler knows that either Mr. Nixon or Mr. Rockefeller might win in 1960 unless the National Committee, the National Convention and the Democratic candidate all go down the line on civil rights. He and the National Committee have just taken a big step down that line.

HOWARD PENNIMAN

On All Horizons

STORY TELLERS. Establishment of the Regina Award, to be granted annually for lifetime contribution to the field of children's literature, has been announced by the Catholic Library Assn. The name of the first recipient will be published Jan. 1, 1959.

► **ALMANAC DISTRIBUTOR.** Production and distribution of the *National Catholic Almanac*, published annually since 1908, has been entrusted to Doubleday and Co. Editorial control remains with the Franciscan Fathers of St. Anthony Guild Press.

► **SOULS TO WIN.** The new *CSMC World Mission Map* shows graphically,

with statistical notes, the distribution of Catholics in the world's population (Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, 5100 Shattuc Ave., Cincinnati 26, Ohio. \$1).

► **K. C. FIRST.** Following a request by the members of the Portland Rose Council of the Knights of Columbus, the Rev. James E. Mosley, colored priest of the Archdiocese of Portland (Ore.), has been named council chaplain. He is believed to be the first Negro K. C. chaplain in the Far West.

► **SCIENCE TEACHERS.** In 1959, more than 20 Catholic colleges and universities will conduct summer institutes

for high school and college teachers of science and mathematics. Grants for this purpose have been provided by the National Science Foundation. Applications may be obtained from the Teacher Program, American Assn. for the Advancement of Science, 1515 Mass. Ave., N.W., Wash. 5, D. C.

► **"TREE" POET.** Among those intimately acquainted with the poet-converter Joyce Kilmer was the late James J. Daly, S.J., a member of AMERICA's original staff (1909-1911). Another was Henry Watts, Kilmer's secretary at the *N. Y. Times*, later editorial assistant at AMERICA and now in retirement at Loyola College, Baltimore. The testimony of both men is included in a special brochure commemorating the 40th anniversary of Kilmer's death (Joyce Kilmer Library, Campion, Prairie du Chien, Wis. \$1.50). R.A.G.

Editorials

Where is the Prince of Peace?

WITH BLOOD and broken trusts Augustus won his Emperor's crown. Historians say it was the beginning of two centuries of peace the like of which has never since been known. From England to the Euphrates people were governed by the same laws, were protected by the same army and paid taxes into the same treasury. But up the rivers sweating, cursing slaves rowed overseers who calculated interest and dividends. In Ephesus and Corinth, in Rome and Vienne men fell drunk to the floor beneath their tables. In the hovels of Alexandria the shrieks of women broke the dull Egyptian night. All the world was at peace—peacefully going to hell.

But north of the plain Esdraelon the spring was coming to Galilee, and a soft-eyed Jewish maiden thought of her Joseph—though married to the village carpenter, she had not yet gone to his house. She poised her pitcher on the mossy brink of the well (this is the story they tell in Nazareth) and sudden glory was poured out about her, and a voice broke upon her spellbound soul: "Hail, full of grace!" She fled in fear, they say, but the sweet voice pursued. And the angel being come in said to her: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women." The rest of the story they tell everywhere, and everyone who hears knows that on this day began the human life of Jesus Christ; the Word was made flesh and began to dwell in the hidden silence beneath the virgin heart of Mary. From the fall of Adam to the reign of Augustus the Spirit of God had brooded over the world. Now the time had come for the redemption of man. This pure maid said: "Let it be done." And the Spirit of God overshadowed her. The redemption of man had begun.

Historians will tell how peace was sought in our day

at the tables of the United Nations, at conferences of Americans and Europeans, of Asians and Africans. But in Moscow and in Warsaw, in London and New York whole families huddle at night in single rooms, while on remote flats flares burn around launching pads and shadows of rockets stretch across the earth. In Turin and in Paris, in Tokyo and in Detroit workers strike for something more from the machines they have molded. The Iowa farmer and the Indian peasant, the Aussie in New South Wales and the Arab fellah have dirt on their shoes, but many of the world's miserable poor have dirt in their bellies. In courts of law and in legislatures men struggle to achieve equality for men, while subversive presses and short-wave radio programs campaign to enslave them. Some men plan how to hold down the population, while others puzzle how to draw more sustenance from the earth and sea and how to distribute it to all. In black Africa tom-toms explode in newly defiant rhythms as the Mau-Mau march on a raid; through Italian towns go red-kerchiefed friends of foreign powers; crowds battle police in a dozen capitals; an Arab stabs a Jew in Palestine and a girl is found dead on a beach in California. All the world, it seems at times, is surging in unrest, anxiety, frustration and despair.

But in quiet places some are preparing for Christmas. A voice speaks to them that a Child will come to them and they will know their worth. They shall consent and the Word shall be made flesh again, and they shall renew the face of the earth, all over again. They are only a remnant scattered throughout the world in a sea of new-rising paganism. But they have a promise from their God. No matter what the rest of the world may think, they know where to find the Prince of Peace.

Gifts, Presents and Graft

As Sen. John L. McClellan dourly observed, there appeared to be an irreconcilable conflict in the testimony. A half-dozen Midwest businessmen had assured the committee that for the privilege of making a living in the heating and ventilating line they had been obliged to make contributions, from \$250 on up, to a nonexistent fund for "poor old sheet metal workers." Unless they handed the money over, they affirmed under oath, they were unable to hire union workers from Chicago Local 73 of the Sheet Metal Workers. Most of the money was allegedly paid to the president of the local, Arthur H. Cronin, but the businessmen believed that other union officials shared in the proceeds.

When Mr. Cronin, who is also an international vice

president of the Sheet Metal Workers, took the stand, he proved to be no Fifth-Amendment witness. "Never in my life," he solemnly and indignantly swore, "have I ever heard such lies." Never had he taken payment for labor peace or anything else. On one occasion, he recalled, he had received a check for \$5,000 from the Coleman Company of Wichita, Kan., but when it dawned on him that this might be a bribe—he first thought of it "more as a Christmas present"—he had sent the money back. Other union witnesses were equally emphatic in denying any wrongdoing.

The purpose in retelling here this chapter from the McClellan hearings is not to weigh the evidence and render a verdict. That is the business of a judge and a

jury. We mention this case because, regardless of who committed perjury, it suggests a consideration of American mores which all citizens might profitably make.

The plain fact seems to be that graft in one shape or another is widely prevalent in American business. In many cases involving businessmen and union officials, it is extremely difficult to decide whether the money that changes hands is bribery or extortion. If one believes all one hears, the practice of offering "favors," "gifts" and "Christmas presents" has become an accepted pattern in much of industry. Sometimes the presents are nominal and sometimes they aren't, but it is widely accepted that unless the presents are given, a man has little chance of doing business profitably.

Nor does this practice exist only in union-employer relationships. It is even more prevalent in company relationships and in dealings between businessmen and politicians. That was the lesson of the Kefauver hearings on the New York waterfront several years ago. The money that changed hands between employers and

union officials was petty cash compared with the "good-will" payments made by stevedoring firms to steamship lines. What goes on between suppliers and purchasing agents might well be the subject of a special congressional investigation.

Not long ago we listened to a group of businessmen discussing the morality of "gifts." Although a few of them favored a strict rule forbidding employees to accept any gift whatsoever, most of them could see no wrong in accepting small gifts. This split is reflected in business practice, although more and more firms seem to be adopting a "no-gift" rule. There can be no question, of course, that in many cases gifts to purchasing agents, to union officials, to politicians are innocently made. There is such a thing as an honest expression of gratitude for legitimate favors. But the practice is so liable to abuse that men who are intent on a high code of public morality shy away from it. More power, then, to the people in management and labor who are trying to eliminate the squeeze from American life.

"Buenos Días, Amigo"

ONE THING that can certainly be chalked up to the credit of John Davis Lodge, U. S. Ambassador in Madrid, is the fact that he has learned to speak fluent, idiomatic Spanish. Mr. Lodge, it appears, is rather exceptional. At a May, 1957 conference on foreign languages, Howard E. Sollenberger, dean of the Foreign Service Institute's School of Languages, said that according to a survey "42.7 per cent of our diplomatic corps do not have a useful speaking and reading knowledge of such common languages as French, German or Spanish." Another survey, made in March of this year, reveals that only one of our Iron Curtain ambassadors, Llewellyn E. Thompson Jr., Ambassador to the Soviet Union, can speak the language of the nation to which he has been assigned. Similarly, only two of our ambassadors to Arab countries speak Arabic, and our ambassadors to France and Germany do not have a functional knowledge of French or German.

The lamentable linguistic failings of our foreign service personnel—only one tiny segment of our national deaf-mute attitude toward the languages of other peoples—must be traced back to the failure of our schools. Today only half of our high schools, generally the larger ones, offer any modern foreign language. Moreover, most high school language courses are but two years in length. Finally, the most ominous sign of the times is that today a bare third of our colleges and universities are insisting on a foreign language as an entrance requirement.

Georgetown University in our national capital, one of the front-runners in the field of language and linguistic studies, came into the news recently when a member of its faculty was quoted in the press as saying that "foreign language instruction in American schools has proved a failure." Frederick D. Eddy, associate professor of French at Georgetown, then wrote a letter to the *Washington Star* to explain what he meant by that

statement. Professor Eddy's comments are worth study. He remarked that in justice credit should be given to the scores of effective and devoted foreign language teachers "who are shining exceptions to the general drab run." Despite almost insuperable difficulties, he said, these teachers manage in two or three years to bring their pupils to a surprisingly high level of hearing, speaking, reading and writing a foreign tongue. At the other end of the scale, he went on, there is the inevitable group of lazy, unimaginative teachers—poor in every sense.

What of the rest? Thousands of teachers, most of them in senior high schools, are good to excellent in their field, but are forced to work against overwhelming odds. Their classes of thirty or more are two to three times too large for effective teaching. Most of their students, insisted Professor Eddy, start language study at the worst possible age, sixteen to twenty years of age. (The best age is from birth to age eight or nine.) Many of these potentially good teachers have never been trained in sound methods of second-language learning. Their texts are inadequate. Many of them are assigned to a period or two of foreign language teaching, tacked on to a heavier schedule in English or some other subject. Finally, as the Georgetown professor points out, the important contribution that these teachers have been making to American education has, in recent decades, "been passed over, denied—or at best damned with faint praise. Small wonder that a majority of them have turned in a poor job."

Second-language learning in American schools must be improved. Not only those in informed circles, but the general public as well, have been alerted to our deficiencies. All the necessary conferences have been held. The appropriate resolutions have been passed. The time has now come to solve the problems spawned by a generation of linguistic isolationism.

We Children Are All One Child

James F. Cotter

MARY, you know it is not easy for us
To keep a child's eye out for the familiar
With a constant wonder that is not make-believe,
Where we do honor not for thought or feeling
But simply for what is—a star, a birth.
Even Augustine when he preached on Christmas,
Who conned it back and forward like a book,
Found it so hard to tie his intellect
Down to a stable with its ass and sheep.
And with the closing of each year we hear
Preachers and poets taking up the theme
With much less majesty than his heart managed.
No one has matched the story as you told it
To Luke the physician, yet we continue trying
With further words to set the scene again
Like children taking out the lambs and shepherds
From their tissue wrappers to be put in place
With snow of cotton and a cardboard star
Where you, Joseph, and the Child are waiting.
(There will be room later for the kings.)
In church and parlor, printed word and pulpit,
As best we can we keep this season holy,
That what has happened once and for forever
May be remembered, acted out again
With words and gestures beyond our comprehension
But made to look like any family visit.
Mary, come home to where your children love you,
With Jesus, your Son, and Joseph, His foster father.

SCHOLARS and critics carefully point out
We do not know for sure the night was cold
And certainly no snow lay on the ground:
Were there not shepherds watching in the fields?
Some have called December into doubt
And think that April was perhaps the month
That honored us with this amazing birth.
(It's well that such opinions are kept private.)
A priest I know once told me that the style
Was not the Greek Luke was accustomed to
And that you wrote this chapter out yourself.
Forgive us, Mother, if our love sometimes

JAMES F. COTTER, S.J., whose poems have appeared in
AMERICA since 1953, is making his theological studies at
the University of Louvain.

Drives us in excess to these conjectures.
My mind is careless of details and theories
And I must rest content with what is given.
The crèche I set up when I was a boy
(I was the oldest and this was my right)
Never pretended to be quite authentic:
One shepherd was much taller than the rest
And I was not instructed on the snow.
New England winters fell on us in blizzards,
I went to school by snowbanks, not by streets.
Each of us reads himself into the story,
As we were meant to: each of us was there.
Virgin of Chartres and the Japanese,
Black Virgin of Le Puy and Africa,
Your Son took on the color of our faces
That night you held Him while the shepherds knelt.

RIVERS that run with lights, the silent rivers,
Bear me on your currents to that place
Where Mary holds her Son within my heart.
Trees that run with stars, and morning star
Who rises from eternity to time
Orbit now within my conscious sky
And shine upon my forehead like a jewel.
Not what is known but what is loved I claim
And hold it in His Person as my own,
Spoken on tongue to ear and tongue, a Name
Written forever on the pearl of flesh
For all to read and sound it: He is born.
The candle in the windows of the night
Calls home the stranger from his nameless wood:
You are no longer orphan to us, Child,
The quest our birth commences sees its end.
I walked this Christmas where the streets were dark,
Darkness itself acknowledges His coming
And nothing in this world but must await Him
To hold Him to its breast when He has come.
Daughter of God and Mother, children gather
Like presents around the tree your body framed,
Open our hearts surprisingly, with love,
Undoing the ribbons we have tied too tight.
You know it is not easy for us, Mary,
To keep a child's face lifted to a star
Simply for what it is—a birth, a promise
Made by the Father to His sons, fulfilled.

FOR some time now this poem has rested, Mary,
 In with my class notes and the general clutter
 Of scribbled verse begun but not quite finished,
 And even as I write this, lines are missing
 And words have slipped the fingers of my mind.
 The spirit's wings glide downward in a circle
 But never come to rest on the right ground.
 I must remain content with the sky's freedom
 And the happy thunder of the falling search.
 Your Son is where my flight's forever aiming
 And I would have my living and my words
 Fold in the quiet of His birth and meaning.
 Even the shepherds and the kings had only
 The memory of one day to live upon:
 Stars went shining on in secret brilliance,
 And night kept angels hidden in its cloak,
 Children too walked in a new enchantment,
 But nothing they looked on brought that hour back.
 Possessing, we never quite possess Him,
 We hold Him and never touch His hand.
 We are of the world, Augustine said,
 And He who made it is now come to us.
 In this belief and love we reconstruct
 The crib each year, arrange the figures in it,
 And pray His coming who forever came.

In the Fullness of Time

IN THE YEAR, from the creation of the world,
 when in the beginning God created heaven
 and earth, five thousand one hundred and
 ninety-nine;
 from the flood, two thousand nine hundred and
 fifty-seven;
 from the birth of Abraham, two thousand and
 fifteen;
 from Moses and the coming of the Israelites out
 of Egypt, one thousand five hundred and ten;
 from the anointing of King David, one thousand
 and thirty-two;
 in the sixty-fifth week, according to the prophecy
 of Daniel;
 in the one hundred and ninety-fourth Olympiad;
 in the year seven hundred and fifty-two from the
 founding of the city of Rome;
 in the forty-second year of the empire of Oc-
 tavian Augustus, when the whole world was at
 peace;
 in the sixth age of the world;
 Jesus Christ, eternal God, and Son of the eternal
 Father, desirous to sanctify the world by His
 most merciful coming, having been conceived of
 the Holy Ghost, and nine months having elapsed
 since His conception, is born in Bethlehem of
 Juda, having become man of the Virgin Mary.

From the Roman Martyrology for December 25

I walk the lighted streets, the children carol.
 Be home among us, Mary, hold your Child
 Out to the world He loves, the Father's Son.

WINGS suspended on two hands of light,
 I do not move and am sustained in flight,
 And downward thunder of the single quest,
 I do not rest and am forever still—
 And she is speaking: "Child, your voice and mine
 Fold in one hand around the missing word,
 The Son you rest in, in your restlessness,
 The stable of your searching, keeps within,
 And what you would return to centers there.
 I too have known the star to be evasive
 But pondered in the heart it shows its light.
 Yes, I forgive you if your love sometimes
 Drives you in excess to these excesses:
 I am the Mother of the poor and outcast,
 Voice of the voiceless, Virgin of belonging,
 I am the gate through whom the Son has sped
 Out from His Father's home to run the street
 Down to the room in which He finds you waiting,
 I am the door through whom my children scamper,
 The cold and homeless, to be housed in Him.
 All children are one Child: the Father sees
 Only one face turned inward to the star,
 The light you grope by and the light you seek.
 See where He sleeps deeper than thought within you
 And on the surface of your writing hand,
 Child of your choice and of the Father's making."
 I turn and see the parlor of my childhood,
 The tree and gifts, and the imperfect crib.

THESE are the presents to be opened, Mary,
 (And with this writing I too make a gift)
 We place them now around you and your Son,
 Not what the kings gave, but what today we offer
 One to the other and for our children's pleasure,
 The gift presented must be always changing,
 Gold and myrrh becoming watch and perfume,
 But we can only give in your Son's name.
 Children alone reach for the star of meaning
 With eyes entirely for their dolls and trains:
 When love is offered to ourselves and others
 The Child within us and in them receives.
 So in my childhood I have found your Son
 Where each of us discovers Him in hiding
 And if we miss Him there or are unwilling
 To play the game of seeking the place out
 We never hold Him fast where He is hidden.
 What we have suffered and enjoyed as children
 Retains the secret we must return to now,
 For what we were continues with our growing
 And life runs back and forth through the same door.
 He was the Child we played with without seeing
 And when we woke in terror from bad dreams
 There He was sleeping in the bed, unseen.
 Mother of oneness, of the Child we are
 And of the Child we are yet to become,
 The Father's will in our day be accomplished,
 Fold us with holy wonder in His Son.

Christians Betrayed by Pacifism

Robert A. Graham

SEVERAL well-known Protestant clergymen voiced their surprise and indignation some weeks ago when 600 delegates at a church-sponsored conference came out for recognition of Red China. Meeting at Cleveland, November 18-21, the Fifth World Order Conference urged that steps be taken "toward the inclusion of the People's Republic of China in the United Nations and for its recognition by our Government." Dr. Daniel A. Poling termed this stand a "brutal betrayal" of their Protestant brethren who have remained steadfast and of the millions of other enslaved Chinese. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale repudiated the resolution as "the presumptuous proposal of a small group," and as a view that did not reflect the views of the mass of Protestants. Yet the 600 delegates included representatives of the 33 constituent bodies of the National Council of Churches. Furthermore, while the conference spoke only for itself, its conclusions were not qualified by subsequent pronouncements and action on the part of the National Council. Indeed, taking note of the Cleveland resolution on December 3, the council's General Board stated that the conference had spoken "with a mighty voice"—even though it spoke only for itself. The Red China stand thus remains on the record to puzzle and dishearten those who expected something more worthy of the cause of peace to which the delegates were dedicated.

MONUMENT OF ABANDONMENT

The controversial resolution was incorporated in a lengthy report entitled "A Message to the Churches of Christ in the United States of America." A reading of this document, particularly the lengthy section dealing with the problems of world communism and the Cold War, only confirms Dr. Poling's charge of a "brutal betrayal." In its silences and evasions, in its carefully phrased ambiguities and obvious inconsistencies, this would-be message of hope is a ghastly monument of abandonment. Its high words about the love of Christ and its vision of a world community willed by God sound fearfully hollow against its deep silence on the religious issue—not only on the mainland of China but wherever communism rules.

The message is not simply a foreign-policy report or recommendation. If it were, it could be examined on its merits as one more contribution to the study of a

very complex and important question of national policy. It is, rather, a sermon. It is an epistle, so to speak, from the apostles of the peace of Christ to all the Christian brethren. In the description of the official release, the message was described as "theologically rather than politically oriented." It is not unfair, therefore, to expect to find in it some indication that the plight of religion under communism bore heavily on the minds of the delegates. In this respect, the reader of the message experiences an unpleasant surprise.

Among the numerous reasons adduced on behalf of the double recognition of the Peking regime (by the United Nations and by the United States), only one has direct reference to the religious aspect. It is the last and the least important. A weak and almost incidental sentence reads: "We have strong hopes that the resumption of relationships between the peoples of China and of the United States may make possible also a restoration of relationships between their churches and ours." Is that the most that the Cleveland delegates, who wrote as Christians, expect from recognition? Apparently all they think necessary and pertinent at this time is to regain the privilege of having Chinese fellow-traveler churchmen attend meetings of the World Council of Churches and the corresponding privilege, for American clergymen, of being taken on guided tours of Red China's Potemkin churches.

In 1933, President Roosevelt at least raised the question of religious freedom when he was negotiating recognition with Litvinov. He at least put the United States on record on this point. But in 1958, after all our experience—and a few days after the country had ruefully marked a quarter-century of U. S.-Soviet recognition—a body of lay and clerical Protestant leaders does not put itself similarly on the record in even the most indirect way.

Defenders of the resolution on Red China contend that recognition does not mean approval and would not be unconditional. Indeed, the message does outline some conditions. But these do not concern religious freedom on the mainland. The message asks only that "the rights of the people of Taiwan and of Korea should be safeguarded." Regarding the human rights of the millions on the mainland, the defenders of world order have no word to offer. It is as though they regard what the Chinese Communists do to their own people as an untouchable internal question. But if the church groups in the free world do not defend, even by verbal

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gestures, that sector of freedom which is their own sphere, how can they expect others to regard religion as important?

There is, it must be granted, one allusion to the predicament of Christians behind the Iron Curtain—and not only in China. But this particular reference is not likely to give much aid or comfort to them. "There is evidence," says the message, "that God continues to live in the hearts of millions in countries where the Communist party has achieved control." There is no hint in this anemic statement that God continues to live (good for God!) in those hearts in spite of the most strenuous and systematic efforts of the Red regimes to stifle that life, particularly in the hearts of the young. The document seems deliberate in its desire to avoid mentioning Communist antireligious policy. The closest it comes to mentioning this side of life under communism is a classic circumlocution. The Red program is described as "this process of assimilation of ancient religiously imbued cultures into a Godless culture." Who wrote that?

IS A SPADE A SPADE?

Linked to this inexplicable silence on religious persecution, an exasperating identification is maintained, throughout the message, between the Communists and the peoples over whom—to use the irenic language of the conference report—they "have achieved control." The drafters chose to speak of "countries having Communist parties in control of Government." Anyone else at this point would have phrased the idea this way: "where the overwhelming percentage of the people are ruled by a dictatorial and Godless minority not of their own choosing." The delegates, or the drafting committee, apparently regarded it as a provocation unworthy of Christian meekness to mention Soviet-inspired encroachments even in an internal document such as the one under examination.

The message indicated in other ways a refusal to turn eyes upon the plight of the poor devils living under communism. It is said that we "must find ways of living with the Communist nations"—again without distinguishing the people from their oppressors. Further on: "The Communist nations as nations have their own legitimated interests and their own reasonable fears." As nations, the peoples behind the Iron Curtain also have their interests and fears, but the study conference evidently felt it was beyond its scope to inquire into what these were. Finally, in this sad catalog of tragic ambiguities, the message says that "there is real hope that new generations within the Communist countries will be less fanatical in their ideological convictions and that they will be more preoccupied with peace. . . ." Of what "generations" are they speaking? Of the young Freedom Fighters of the October Revolution? Of the millions of youths who have left East Germany? Of the Chinese Communist POW's, two-thirds of whom freely opted to go over to the "detested" Taiwan Government? The message's tacit recognition of the tiny minority of Marxists who have never won in a fair national election is thus joined to a bland ignoring of

the millions of little people who have every right to expect signs of encouragement from the Christians of the United States.

To cap it all, the message alleges that our continued exclusion of the People's Republic of China "helps to preserve a false image of the United States and of other nations in the minds of the Chinese people." It is more likely that the people of China, as distinguished from the regime, will have a very true image of the United States—unless we accept the curious semantics of the Cleveland message and grant recognition to their oppressors.

BEYOND WHITEWASHING

As though to recognize the defects of the conference message, some participants have striven to give a more moderate interpretation of the resolution on Red China. For instance, in the words of Dr. Herman F. Reissig, International Relations Secretary of the Council for Christian Social Action of the United Church of Christ, the delegates meant to say simply this: "As Christians and as Americans, committed to the free way of life and opposed to Communist expansion, we are inclined to think our policy of nonrecognition and of opposition to having Red China in the United Nations [the resolution also demanded U. S. recognition] is doing the world more harm than good." If this is what the conference meant to say, they failed utterly to express their mind.

Surely it is not out of place to expect that a "theologically oriented" statement on world problems, even if it concludes in favor of recognition of Red China, should contain some expression of sorrow and protest over the state of religion in China and elsewhere in the Soviet sphere. Surely it is not warmongering or anti-Communist hysteria, or "making opposition to communism the touchstone for policy"—in a message designedly couched in high terms of Christian charity—to show sympathy toward one's fellow Christians under trial. This strange silence on religion stands in stark contrast, incidentally, to the concern of the delegates for the needy and illiterate in the world's underdeveloped areas and the message's strong words on interracial justice.

It is for the Protestants themselves to weigh the significance of this "brutal betrayal." An outsider can only speculate that the World Order Study Conference seemed to be reverting to the strong pacifism characteristic of American Protestantism before the war. Much good work is being done by zealous and able men like Dr. O. Frederick Nolde, who has devoted many years to the development of practical plans for disarmament. The armaments race in the nuclear age is a problem of gravest import for civilization. On this, the words of alarm sounded by the Cleveland message are no whit stronger than those uttered by the late Pope Pius XII. But this kind of concern can be transformed into craven appeasement when church bodies betray themselves, as the Cleveland conference did, into a shocking, if perhaps unintended, show of callousness toward fellow Christians in need.

State of the Question

RAPIER TONGUES AND THE BUBBLE REPUTATION

A light barrage of love-apples and odorous onions rained on our editorial menage after our comment on a CBS-TV "Playhouse 90" show, "The Plot to Kill Stalin" (10/25, p. 97). This led a subaltern to climb the ivory tower for a strategic survey of the area under fire. He came down with the following aide-memoire in hand.

WHEN WE undertook to question the prudence, taste and morality of a TV drama which portrayed Mr. Khrushchev and some former henchmen as would-be assassins, some of our alert citizens were grieved. Perchance they had been misled by the way our comment was headed after it was picked up by certain papers: "Jesuit Weekly Agrees with Soviets." That sly slanting of a news item unfurled just enough of the red rag to enrage the patriotic bulls that snort fire every time a Russian picador stirs. But what perturbed me amid this taurine uproar was the growing suspicion that many Catholics feel that all is fair in love, war, propaganda and the creative arts. The foe is without scruples; doesn't that absolve us from moral inhibitions? When mongrels snap at us, let's bare our fangs with a lusty "have teeth, will bite" ferocity and reciprocity.

Now I do not wish to revive Stalin for another match—he has heard his Last Count—nor am I aquiver to mount Rosinante and go charging windmills in defense of Nikita the Red. But I am interested in topics such as honor and its defamation, and therefore I want to take this opportunity to displace St. Simeon atop his pillar, and unleash a homily on the matter of reputation. Incidentally, my pulpit is a lofty one, and my discourse will soar high above the grounded shards of Khrushchev's dubious fame.

Definitions

Well then, as Cassius said, honor is the subject of my story. But before I unfold the tale, a few definitions are in order.

The basic referent in any discussion of honor is the moral entity called *character*. Character is the real, intrinsic worth of a man. It has one invariant component—the dignity of human nature that every man possesses inalienably. It also has an infinitely variable

element, arising from the fact that man is morally perfectible and can increase his merit by doing what befits a man. In sum, character is the dynamic expression of what a man totally is at any moment, measured in terms of virtuous activity. If this sounds abstract, it becomes familiar when we reflect that mature individuals can freely span the gamut of human value from the incorrigible depravity of Caligula to the urbane sanctity of Vincent de Paul.

Now for *honor*. Honor is fundamentally the favorable reaction of a social organism to the accepted quality of a man's character. That is why Aristotle looked on honor as the reward of virtue, the tribute that society rightly pays to meritorious human performance. Moralists distinguish between honor broadly and strictly taken. Honor in the broad sense is the laudatory judgment that men form of the estimable facets of a personality; thus the common opinion on the holiness of Pius X, the artistic genius of Cézanne, etc. In the strict sense, honor is the external testimony that men give to the qualities they admire; we *show* honor when we pin the Cross of Lorraine on the ample chest of Churchill or erect a bell tower in memory of Senator Taft on the Capitol grounds in Washington.

This little discussion on character and honor makes it easy to grasp the notion of *reputation* (in the good sense). Reputation is the verbal expression of honor, the common estimate of a man's worth that is noised abroad by those who know him. It is the opinion of society on one's life and conduct, whether one is just an "average Joe" without distinction, or a Demosthenes—"th' applause of list'ning senates to command."

Although Falstaff scorns honor as "a mere scutcheon" in *Henry IV*, most men are anxious to keep their nameplate shining bright. Humanity traditionally sets a high price tag on this somewhat

intangible commodity. If we sometimes speak of "the bubble reputation," we do not intend to cheapen the worth of a good name, but to signify its vulnerability. The general attitude of noble souls toward the value of their public integrity is found in the words of Richard Lovelace to his Lucasta: "I could not love thee, Dear, so much, Loved I not honour more."

Mere poetic froth on the small beer of life? Not at all. Such an appreciation of honor is an echo of the whole moral tradition of the West—an echo that rolls from the authoritative voice of Aristotle. Anyone who thinks that honor is a much overrated human good should read the Stagirate's description of the "Magnanimous Man" in the fourth book of the *Nicomachean Ethics*. This high-minded creation of Aristotle is idealized as the very model of a gentleman, the paragon of all pagan virtues conjoint. Yet what is the major preoccupation of this magnificent creature? Nothing less than honor, the floodlight of glory lesser luminaries beam upon his golden merits.

Value of Honor

Our eyes may find something amusingly satanic in this picture of a man crowned with virtue, yet completely lacking in humility. Take note, however, that Thomas Aquinas, who christianized Aristotle, does not reject his evaluation of honor as the *chiefest* of external goods. Aquinas remarks in the *Summa*:

The things which come into man's use are external things, and among these honor is simply the greatest, both because it is the most akin to virtue, since it is an attestation to a person's virtue. . . ; and because it is offered to God and to the best; and again because, in order to obtain honor even as to avoid shame, men set aside all other things.

Why are honor and reputation so highly revered among men that even an Iago will go to any length to preserve these goods? Well, just recall the penalty of lacking or losing face or status in society. Convince the world that poor Tom is a fool, and his genuine wisdom passes for nonsense. Set Apollo's curse on Cassandra, and her truest prophecies ring out unheard. Good repute and honor are almost essential conditions (naked force apart) for exercising authority or influence among men. The discredited statesman cannot shape pol-

icy; the disbarred lawyer is unable to use his professional lore effectively; the cleric scorned for luxurious living preaches in vain. One's esteem—or the lack of it—in one's milieu can even have a “feed-back” effect on the growth of character itself. Brainwash little Rufus into thinking he is an unredeemed monstrous tyke, and he may sweat to become the terror of the earth. This is a frightening truth. It shows the awesome dependence of the individual on society. It indicates that achievement of status, good or bad, is an insistent demand of our social nature.

So, in the complex web of human relations, honor or repute (we scarcely distinguish the two in ready speech) is a most vital strand. Some absolute minimum of decent status is essential to preclude the entire submergence of our social personality. Some modicum of approval is the ordinary condition for reasonable development of one's best powers. The hope of fulsome recognition for outstanding achievement is a normal motive inducing men to contribute magnificently to the upbuilding of art, science and the commonwealth. My honor and good fame are my living projection in the minds and on the tongues of men. Rob me of both and I am poor indeed. Shakespeare's Mowbray spoke for us all when he said to Richard II: “Mine honour is my life; both grow in one; Take honour from me, and my life is done.”

Honor a Right

Perhaps this lofty conception of good repute is one reason why Catholic moralists are ever busy with the topic. Moreover—this will jolt those who regard slander and detraction as merely “uncharitable words”—moralists discuss reputation under the heading of justice. This is worth some comment.

First then, it is sound philosophy and divine truth that man is an image of his Maker. Every man has therefore an innate right to be regarded and treated as what he is by nature. It is a perversion of right order to deal with a man as though he were either a beast or a demigod. A minimal acknowledgement of human dignity, no matter in what mocking caricature the image of God may be enshrined, is no more than recognition of a hierarchy of unalterable values in the real world. A man is a man; he retains that ultimate dignity despite any

animal passions he is enslaved to, or any satanic ambitions he conceives.

Secondly, by the exercise of free will men can develop their latent powers to the point where they win the praise of others. Van Cliburn slaves at the keyboard and Moscow applauds. Pasternak bravely writes *Doctor Zhivago* and the free world cheers. Beethoven and Goethe and Da Vinci win immortal niches by dint of inspiration and perspiration. The renown that each man acquires by his own effort, or even comes into by the accident of birth or of fortune, is truly his. If it is an external good honestly acquired, it is a real species of property, no less than a Volkswagen purchased or a diamond ring received as a gift. This is just why the moralist looks on honor and reputation as rights existing in the field of justice. They are chattels of the blind goddess. And so far is a wound to reputation from being a peccadillo, that the moralists regard the wanton ruin of a reputation as a sin worse than theft of material possessions.

A curious facet of the doctrine on reputation is that a man has a right to his good fame, even if it is a false fame (I said false fame, a thing differing from fame unjustly acquired). Moralists consider a *true* reputation to be an unqualified right; it is never morally correct to call a virtuous man vicious, or to represent real merit as counterfeit. *False* renown, however, is a conditioned claim; it may and sometimes must yield to the need of securing some higher good. Why so? Because the basis of one's right to false reputation lies not so much in the legitimate needs of the human person (the usual groundwork of our rights) as in the requirements of the common welfare. Normally it is needful for the order of society that men be allowed to retain what they peacefully have, so long as some higher right is not infringed. It would be intolerable, for example, if every secret adultery deprived a man of his claim to be a good husband. This would imply that his occult crime could be broadcast by any indiscreet blabbermouth who desired to throw the choice tidbit to the caterwauling felines of the back alley. Universalize this sort of free-wheeling free speech and the peaceful order of society would be irreparably hurt.

The matter is quite otherwise, how-

ever, when a sober citizen discovers an “exemplary choirboy” in the commission of murder. Here the common good would demand that he denounce the culprit to authority. There are certain other situations too, not directly affecting the common good, where it is sometimes permissible to elect a course harmful to the repute of one whose eschaton is not *sans reproche*. “Cheercola, Inc.,” would be in a bad spot if in selecting a man for a job involving trade secrets, some knowing personnel officer could not inform the executives that Jennifer, the proposed candidate, was actually a spy in the hire of a competing firm. And if Aunt Emily discovers that her nephew Roderic is peddling hashish to his third-grade companions, she may surely relay this defamatory item to the parents of the moppet entrepreneur, presumably in the higher interests of the precocious rascal himself. Even in such instances, what is legitimately intended is not injury to a reputation, but the attainment of a higher good. False fame suffers eclipse, but only that a brighter sun may shine in the heavens.

Defamation

I have no room to run through the dolorous catalog of sins which moralists have found in their analysis of unjust defamation. Most readers already know that these faults come under the headings of detraction and calumny. However, detraction and calumny are not the private game preserve of backbiters and gossips. Today they are a syndrome of what pathologically afflicts organized social groups and the communications media as well. *Confidential* got much publicity a while back because of its exposés of Hollywood vice to the avid scandal mongers. Sometimes even congressional committees focus the cyclopean eye of television on the strained features of men who, whatever their faults, are not on trial but are nevertheless coerced into defaming themselves and their pals. We have disgusting memories, all too fresh, of the vicious campaign of slander waged by the Soviet Government itself against Boris Pasternak. Whole volumes could be written on a neat form of group defamation that vilifies racial or religious minorities: John Kasper is expert at that sort of thing.

There is of course such a thing as the



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KEY TO ABBREVIATIONS:

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LAS	Liberal Arts and Sciences	M	Medicine
AE	Adult Education	Mu	Music
C	Commerce	N	Nursing
D	Dentistry	P	Pharmacy
Ed	Education	S	Social Work
E	Engineering	Sc	Science
FS	Foreign Service	Sy	Seismology Station
G	Graduate School	Sp	Speech
IR	Industrial Relations	OTC	Officers Training Corps
J	Journalism	AROTC	Army
L	Law	NROTC	Navy
		AFROT	Air Force

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right of free speech, and a very precious safeguard of democracy it is. But surely no sane Catholic will argue that its limits are adequately defined by the libel laws, or properly illustrated by the current practices of communication media, especially the printing press. Incidentally, neither free speech nor any human right, individual or social, is a grant of license for arbitrary assault on the sanctity of other personalities. Rights are basically hedges of immunity that protect us against undue encroachment on our legitimate impulse towards self-development. There are no sky-blue rights; there are only rights limited by the finite needs of our nature. This of course is a hard swallow for the rugged individualists who look on rights as though they were an unrestricted license to go duck-shooting on everybody's pond.

Certainly the organs of public information have larger liberties in the area of free speech than do private persons. Such media are necessary for the common good of democratic society, and the free dissemination of news and constructive criticism is a strong support of our liberties. But every grant of right is limited by the correlative rights of others, and by circumstances and motives. The public right to be informed implies no duty to spread news that is disserviceable to the peace, order, security and dignity of a commonwealth. The right to print is no right to broadcast what has been gained by unjust means, or what does harm out of all proportion to any good won. The right to criticize and expose is no right to pander to prurient curiosity, indulgence of hateful prejudice or mere desire to increase profits. The norm of the common good is king of all: what hurts the morals of the people, what perverts the intellectual integrity of a nation, has no privilege of dissemination by press, movies, radio or TV.

As I amble down the homestretch, may I once more call on Aquinas for a steadying hand? At least twice in his *Summa* the Angelic Doctor mentions the honor that is due even to bad men in high place. A person may be honored, he contends, not only for his own virtue, but for another's; thus princes and prelates, although they be wicked, are revered as standing in God's place, and as representing the community over which they are put. Aquinas is mak-

ing a distinction between the man and his office, a distinction that we often must make, again in the interest of society and its reasonable conventions. Do you recall how, some months back, President Eisenhower took the unusual step of refusing to accept a letter of Premier Khrushchev? Mr. Eisenhower was not prompted by personal, even justifiably personal, pique, but by the impropriety of Moscow's affront to his position, which involved disrespect for the United States itself. It just isn't cricket to disregard the conventions of protocol, particularly when experience has proven they are an important lubricant of human frictions.

Honor of Evil Men

Those who feel it is just clean fun to dramatize the hidden and unprovable crimes of living enemy dignitaries for mere family entertainment, might ask themselves: how does such entertainment conceivably serve the public interest, and how would the shoe fit on the other foot? It did not please us, back about '49, when Russian theaters were putting on the boards a thrilling play called *The Mad Haberdasher*. Yes, that strong denunciation of the United States featured our President Harry S. Truman as the villain, although even that defamatory vehicle (I believe) did not name names, as did *The Plot to Kill Stalin*.

And now, to shush the obtrusive Mr. Khrushchev off-stage, may I observe that those who think we *must* lambaste the Commie cohorts (and AMERICA often excoriates the whole kit and caboodle in the Kremlin) have ample ammunition for the attack in the undoubted public acts of the entire Soviet hierarchy. If there is anything these "honorable men" have *not* done, for heaven's sake let them enjoy the shreds of good repute that cling to them for their virtuous restraint!

Time was our tedious tale had here its ending. Yet now I discern a glaring omission in all that I have said about honor. I have insisted on justice. I have utterly neglected the "more excellent way" of St. Paul; I have said nothing about the Law of Charity or the Golden Rule. Ah, if charity ruled our thoughts, there would be no problems of unjust defamation. Neither would there be so much idle gum-beating, nor so much ink spilled.

L. C. McHUGA

Pasternak and Chaadayev

Raymond T. McNally

SALIENT similarities emerge between the present "Pasternak Affair" and the "Chaadayev Affair" in the Russia of 1836. In that year the official Russian reaction to a scathingly critical article on Russian culture by the Russian writer, Peter Chaadayev, was the same as the Soviet Union's reaction to the publication of Boris Pasternak's controversial *Doctor Zhivago* (Pantheon).

Peter Chaadayev, an intellectual little known inside or outside Russia today, had argued in his published "philosophical letter" that his fellow Russians were unable to comprehend the realities of Russian life around them because of the maze of official slogans and ideologies which hindered the pursuit of self-awareness. Chaadayev wanted the Russian intellectuals of his day to strike out beyond the thickets of official ideology, in order to understand themselves critically and to grasp Russia's actual place in the world culture of his day, without succumbing to idle patriotic drivel.

The Russian Government suppressed the periodical containing Chaadayev's article. Nicholas I, Tsar of Russia, officially proclaimed that Chaadayev was "insane," since no Russian in his right mind could be so critical of his country. In addition, Chaadayev was placed under immediate surveillance. He became a prisoner in his own home.

IS CRITICISM TREASON?

Deviation from the official "way of life" was as socially sinful in Chaadayev's Russia as in the Soviet Union today. The slogans alone differ. In Chaadayev's day the cry was "Autocracy, Orthodoxy and Nationality"; today it is "Marx, Lenin and Khrushchev." The result, none the less, continues to be the same—the suppression of individual differences in the name of ideological conformity.

Chaadayev, like Pasternak, believed that the truest patriots are those who love their native land enough to criticize her mistakes, in order to prepare the way for real ameliorations. In addressing the Russian literary public in his "philosophical letter," Chaadayev contended: "I have probably appeared bitter to you in speaking of my country. I have, however, spoken only the truth and not even the whole truth. Besides, Christian reason does not allow any kind of blindness—that of

national prejudice even less than any other, since it is the one which divides men most" (Russian edition of Gershenzon, p. 93). Throughout his novel Pasternak also demonstrates how profound love for his Russian motherland does not blind Zhivago in his perceptions of truth and reality.

Both Pasternak and Chaadayev called first for a sincere appraisal of Russia, not as men thought she should be, but as she was. Both, nevertheless, felt forced to write a defense, a plea for leniency to the central government. The western reading public should understand such pleas in the context of the police states surrounding these writers. Chaadayev composed his "Apology of a Madman," and Pasternak sent his recent letter to Nikita Khrushchev (New York Times, 11/2/58).

Pasternak and Chaadayev manifest extreme historical examples of the individual intellectual's alienation from officialdom in his own country. Neither Pasternak nor Chaadayev had anticipated those who would turn their cultural creations into political sledge hammers. "Whatever my mistakes and errors," Pasternak went on to state in his letter to Khrushchev, "I could not imagine that I should be in the center of such a political campaign as has started to be fanned around my name in the West." The public outside Russia has distorted Pasternak into the caricature of an anti-Communist, just as the public had tried to twist Chaadayev onto the Procrustean bed of a revolutionary. In reality, both Pasternak and Chaadayev protested not against any particular form of government, but rather, in the great Russian traditional, panhuman appeal of a Dostoevski or a Tolstoy, against the crucifixion of the individual in a putrescent society.

Both Pasternak and Chaadayev, though not particularly "practicing" Christians, were none the less imbued with the liberating spirit of Christ. Zhivago overhears Sima, a girl friend of his beloved Lara, speaking about the birth of Christ:

Something in the world had changed. Rome was at an end. The duty, imposed by armed force, to live unanimously as a people, as a whole nation, was abolished. Leaders and nations were relegated to the past. They were replaced by the doctrine of individuality and freedom. Individual human life became the story of God, and its contents filled the vast expanses of the universe. As it says in a liturgy for the Feast of the Annunciation, Adam tried to be like God and failed, but now God was made man so that Adam should be made God (p. 413).

MR. McNALLY, a member of the faculty of Boston College, is preparing an English translation of Peter Chaadayev's writings.

Both Chaadayev and Pasternak viewed history as divided into the ancient world of slavery and the new Christianized world of promised freedom. They expressed dismay at Russia's inability to fulfill the Christian message in their times.

THE THINKER IS THE ENEMY

It is, of course, evident why the present Russian bureaucracy has to repress the "false ideas" of Pasternak, just as Nicholas I did in the case of Chaadayev. Closed systems of thought, having convinced themselves of their attainment of ultimate truth, cannot tolerate freedom. The bureaucrat, however, has always found it difficult to control the free voice of individuals. As long as the Soviet regime followed the hard line of complete repression, there were relatively few problems.

With the 1956 "thaw" in Soviet culture, coupled with Khrushchev's short-lived denunciation of Stalin, new voices were heard in "the land of silence." It is important to remember that Pasternak submitted his manuscript for publication at that time in Russia. He was asked to rewrite certain passages. The party line began to shift. Khrushchev warned Soviet writers to toe the line. It is questionable today whether freedom of expression will prove stronger than repression in Russia.

One thing is certain: Russia will never be the same again. In 1836 the publication of Chaadayev's article had been, as the Russian writer Alexander Herzen stated, "like a shot in the dark night." In 1958 Pasternak's book was all the more egregious in a country used to sycophantic adulation of the "great Soviet experiment." In both historical periods the impression of utter silence in Russian culture was shattered.

Chaadayev's article provoked the ensuing polemic be-

tween Slavophiles and Westerners in Russian intellectual history. The one group, the Slavophiles, harkened back to the "pure" Slavic mores and orthodoxy, whereas the other, the Westerners, called for more technological and cultural advance in imitation of western Europe.

Chaadayev was a harbinger of a new and most profound Russian impact upon world culture. Up to his time the Russians had made no recognized contributions to world literature. After him, during the rest of the 19th century, Russian literary influence spread with incredible rapidity. Writers such as Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevski, Chekov and Tolstoy won world renown, but it was Chaadayev who had made the first serious attempt at linking Russia's cultural destiny to that of the outside world.

May we expect Pasternak's novel to usher in a new epoch of Russian cultural influence upon the western world? May we begin to hear, for the first time since the Russian Revolution, the voices of the real, not the bureaucratic, Soviet Russian intellectuals? The Pasternak affair has certainly taught us that, despite the amount of fawning, unliterary rubbish being published in the Soviet Union, we can no longer presume that new cultural forces do not exist in "the land of silence."

Underneath the Pasternak affair, as underneath the Chaadayev one, ferments a far more fruitful issue than that of outward reaction and official repression. There is a double side to the coin of reaction and repression—namely, that even Russian officialdom recognizes that ideas move men to action. Novel ideas and expressions attract as much attention in the era of Pasternak as they did in Chaadayev's time. Though Russia ignores the ineffectual, the effete, she cannot simply wink at the Chaadayevs and the Pasternaks. Nor can we.

Child Linguists

IN THE SPRING of 1957 the Modern Language Department of Gonzaga University, Spokane, Wash., decided to investigate the possibility of having summer classes in modern foreign languages for grade-school children. The members of the department had been impressed by the rapid spread in recent years of the teaching of foreign languages in elementary schools, a movement frequently referred to as FLES. During 1957 a total of 414,323 pupils in public and private grade schools throughout the nation were enrolled in French, Spanish or German classes.

The Gonzaga group approached three of Spokane's elementary schools, St. Aloysius, St. Augustine and

Sacred Heart, to find out whether they were interested in having their 5th-, 6th- and 7th-grade children learn a modern foreign language. The project was discussed at length with the school principals and administrators, and was explained to the PTA's at their monthly meetings. The Gonzaga proposal evoked a spontaneous and enthusiastic acceptance by all of them. And when they heard about the project, the children were even more enthusiastic than their parents.

Gonzaga offered summer classes for the children in three foreign languages: French, Spanish and German. Classes were held in the early afternoon, Monday through Friday, and were taught by four members of the Department of Foreign Languages. The course lasted six weeks, and a certificate of accomplishment was awarded to each child who completed the course.

FR. SCHIFFNER, S.J., is chairman of the Modern Language Department of Gonzaga University, Spokane, Wash.

The cost per pupil for 30 one-hour classes was \$20. Usually there was only one textbook to buy.

No attempt was made to "screen" the children, who ranged in age from nine to twelve. This spread in age caused no particular problems, though it was felt that it would have been better to have children from the same grade in the same class. Of 156 children who applied for the classes, 76 actually took the course—not a bad proportion under the circumstances. The 76 included children from four of Spokane's public schools: Hutton, Roosevelt, Franklin and Shadle Park. Word of the project had evidently spread to these from the parochial schools.

STRICTLY FOR PRE-TEENS

The summer's experience at Gonzaga showed clearly the natural aptitude of children for acquiring a foreign language by means of repetition, imitation and memory work. In the classes stress was laid on conversation and correct pronunciation, with the gradual introduction of short reading passages. The teachers were at special pains to make the classes lively. Each class was carefully planned with this object in mind, and the teachers were constantly on the alert for new ways of presenting the material and holding the fickle attention of the youngsters. One of the old means of arousing interest, to have the boys and the girls in the class compete with each other for some prize or trophy, proved to be as effective as ever. In these language classes, just as in other classes at this early stage of education, the girls were generally superior; the teachers had to exercise their ingenuity to avoid causing a loss of "face" on the part of the boys.

While group recitations were employed at the beginning in order to give the children confidence, it was soon found, of course, that each child is a distinct personality and wants to be recognized as such. This recognition was achieved by having a child recite or perform before the class, work at the blackboard or take part in a game like "20 Questions" conducted in a foreign language. A timely word of praise to the youngster taking part in some such exercise is a real morale-booster.

The children learned to add, subtract, multiply and divide in the foreign language of their choice. They could tell the time, identify colors and ordinary objects, count to a million and carry on conversation about the weather and other everyday topics. They also took great pleasure in learning to sing French, German and Spanish songs. A few began to correspond with "pen pals" in foreign countries.

At the end of the course, the children staged a public demonstration at the university before some four hundred of their parents, educators and friends. Classroom sessions were simulated, songs were sung, the children's ability to handle the various languages in daily affairs was shown. Finally, a group of youngsters in costume presented a playlet, *Cinderella*, in French—a performance which the audience received with delighted and prolonged applause.

Gonzaga's modern-language teachers were well pleased with the results of their summer courses. They

felt, however, that it would be a pity if the whole project ended with the summer. So the children came back for a one-hour class each Wednesday evening during the school year, and topped it off with another six-weeks session the following summer. In addition, they took part in other events which helped to maintain their interest in the foreign-language program. At Christmas they presented a program of French, German and Spanish Christmas carols at a local orphanage. In April a select group presented *Cinderella* and another playlet, *Little Red Riding-Hood*, before the Inland Empire Education Convention in Spokane. Toward the end of April the children made their television debut, demonstrating classroom situations and techniques in French, German and Spanish.

Teachers and administrators who wish to initiate a foreign-language program for grade schools can get suitable textbooks and classroom materials from the Teacher Associations, 450 Ahnaip Street, Menasha, Wis. For example, one can get a bingo game which will rapidly teach the children their numbers in a foreign language. Tapes and recordings are also available. Miss Edna Babcock of the Seattle public schools has some excellent notes on the teaching of Spanish. Miss Babcock's enthusiasm for FLES has resulted in its adoption in 20 Seattle public grade schools. She may be reached through the Office of the Superintendent of Public Schools, 815 Fourth Avenue North, Seattle 9, Wash.

While at the beginning the Gonzaga teachers did not insist on screening or selecting their pupils, they found that only average or above-average pupils could benefit much by the program. Below-average children found the going very difficult. In this, as in many other subjects, the higher the pupil's IQ, the greater the progress possible.

EVIDENCE OF RAPID PROGRESS

Gonzaga's Department of Modern Languages felt that besides the successful teaching of the children, another major aim of their program was achieved: the spreading and fostering of interest in foreign-language programs among the administrators and school principals of Spokane and its vicinity. Hutton Junior High School is putting in French classes. Shadle Park High School has three large classes in German. A group of nine-year-old Cub Scouts on the South Side are studying French. Thirty miles away, across the Idaho border, the city of Coeur d'Alene is putting French classes into the 4th, 5th and 6th grades in its school system.

Eventually this spreading interest in foreign languages may have an importance that transcends any city or any school system. Today, as never before, our position of leadership in world affairs has thrust upon us the necessity for understanding the peoples and the cultures of other nations. Too often our diplomats, trade representatives and technicians have found themselves tongue-tied when they should have been fluent. The experience of teachers the nation over in teaching foreign languages to youngsters has shown that this roadblock in the path toward international understanding is not irremovable.

BOOKS

A Passion for Freedom of the Press

THE REPORTER'S TRADE

By Joseph and Stewart Alsop. Reynal. 377p. \$5

In the early days of the Eisenhower Administration, Admiral Lewis L. Strauss, USNR (ret.), invited Joseph Alsop to drop around for an interview. Strauss, who was about to become chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, sought to flatter and conciliate Alsop, but declined to talk about the profoundly significant matters for which he soon would have responsibility.

The meeting ended when Alsop rose and remarked coldly, "Admiral, you have wasted half an hour of my time."

In *The Reporter's Trade* the brothers acknowledge that incidents like this led to their acquiring a reputation for arrogance. They insist that this was undeserved. Joe, the elder, says that Strauss had taken him for a fool, and had tried to toss him a few biscuits as if he were a spaniel.

"But reporters who allow themselves to fall into this spaniel-like relationship to public men," he writes, "automatically cease to perform their own public function."

The Alsops' book is an account of their 12 years together in writing a Washington column. Half of the book is given over to a philosophical review of the events from Roosevelt to Eisenhower, the immense change in news values after Washington became a world capital, and the gradual build-up of secrecy in government with its dangerous threat to democracy. The other half of the book is given over to selected columns turned out by the brothers in that 12-year period.

In dealing with secrecy in government, they keep in mind always that freedom of the press is something that belongs, not to the press, but to the people. They write:

In a democratic society, although the politicians and officials rather often forget it, the master is the people. The reporter who covers national affairs is, in effect, the people's eyes and ears. He has the task of making the people's government the people's business. . . . For if the people do not know, democracy cannot work.

Now, the Alsops say, the people's government has come to be less and less

the people's business. They contend that in 99 out of 100 cases the effect of secrecy is to keep the truth from Americans without keeping it from the enemy (the Russians).

The Alsops, no longer a team, have been fair in the columns they have selected for inclusion in the book. Some of these columns show that the brothers often were ahead of the news. Others, however, lay them open to a charge of very poor judgment. In 1946, for example, they wrote that if Russia ever got the atomic bomb, "war will then be almost certain." They could not visualize that war might be averted by what is now called the "balance of terror."

Looking back on their early estimate of President Harry S. Truman, the Alsops acknowledge that they wrote about him "too condescendingly." They certainly did, referring to him over and over again as an "average man." Their great hero, Sir Winston Churchill, recently wrote that Mr. Truman was worthy to be listed among this country's "great" Presidents.

The brothers, in another look backward, confess that they began by thinking Franklin D. Roosevelt "not altogether worthy of the country he led."

"Then, after Roosevelt, we found Truman unworthy by comparison with Roosevelt," they write. "And then, after Truman, we have found Eisenhower unworthy by comparison with Truman."

Next! EDWARD T. FOLLIARD

Spotlight on Dante

DANTE'S OTHER WORLD

By Bernard Stambler. New York U. 392p. \$6.50

DANTE LIGHTS THE WAY

By Ruth Mary Fox. Bruce. 370p. \$4.95

Bernard Stambler's work adds a new vigor to the attention accorded the *Purgatorio* by modern criticism. To the not-too-latent Italian point of view of Giuseppe Troccoli, the intuitions of Dorothy Sayers and the quite splendidly exhaustive mining of the text as done by Francis Fergusson, Prof. Stambler adds an opus of somewhat broader scope. The subtitle, "The *Purgatorio* as Guide to the *Divine Comedy*," indicates both the central position of the canticle

and the larger limits of this analysis.

Prof. Stambler clearly points out the meaning of the *Purgatorio* to our time in Dante's terms of order over disorder, freedom over tyranny, liberty created and preserved within the framework of rational law.

The poem and aim of Dante are a human revelation of the clarity and scope possible for the human mind. Doubt, murkiness, moral ambiguity leading to acedia, uncertainty of duty or goal or value—these are the stock in trade of the novelists and poets of the past hundred years. These are realities; no doubt. These convince us that Joyce and Kafka, Eliot and Rimbaud are writing for us: for these are the realities of our own lives. That there is another kind of real life is something that Dante can demonstrate to us, by a process that can take us as high as his highest soaring.

The scholarship in this book is nothing if not objective. The first chapter, "Environns of the *Commedia*," gives the essence of all that touches the understanding of Dante, from the medieval concept of the universe to the *dolce stil nuovo* and courtly love. Its presence provides greater meaning and depth to the subsequent detailed analysis.

All in all, *Dante's Other World* is a welcome addition to the growing mass of modern Dante scholarship. It is recommended to all who enjoy the unending task of probing the riches of great books.

When Dante first meets Virgil in the "dark wood where the straight way was lost," he forthrightly declares "the long study and the great love" with which he pored over the Roman poet's works. The same words may be applied to Ruth Mary Fox and her *Dante Lights the Way*, which is one long reflection on "il lungo studio e 'l grande amore" that the author has brought to her task over many years of loving study.

The author sheds great light on the background against which Dante wrote by her treatment of four somewhat specialized themes: the angels, the Virgin Mary, the Trinity and Dante's Christology. Each theme is critically appraised in terms not only of its own context, but also of its poetic effect on the structure, significance and analogical interrelationship of everything else that Dante has to say. For instance, "Dante and the angels" deals not only with angels as they appear in the *Divina Commedia*, but necessarily involves Dante's concept of human freedom. His concept of freedom, in turn, touches and illuminates the theological question of the fall of man and original sin. Both

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freedom and the fall form the corner-
stones of Dante's philosophy of history.
All these notions affect Dante's ideas of
man and the universe, peace and war,
love and hatred, the individual and
society. They are the blood stream feed-
ing and fed by the heart of his esthetic.

The Virgin Mary is mediatrix—Dante
made music out of the idea 400 years
before the term appeared in papal pro-
nouncements. The woman who freely
assists in the reparation of the fall starts
the poem moving, brings human love
(a misnomer unless free) to a higher
plane of romantic and ideal love (as
seen in Beatrice) and finally to the per-
fection of supernatural and divine love,
not by diminishing the beauty or free-
dom of human love, but by perfecting it.

Dante Lights the Way addresses itself
particularly to modern man. Though the
poet wrote 600 years ago, he put into
words problems that are very much with
us today in our personal lives, in our
democratic society, in our foreign rela-
tions:

Peace is impossible unless there is
right legislation by a justly or-
dained government operating un-
der the concept that men exist for
their own sakes and that govern-
ment exists to insure justice and
freedom to individual man.

Dante makes it clear that the burden
of freedom can be too much to bear
without God's help. Miss Fox says, in
effect, that if our time can see this truth
—and we are surely looking—perhaps
Dante will truly light the way.

VICTOR R. YANITELLI

Down the Years

LATE DAWN

By Elizabeth Vandon. Sheed & Ward.
184p. \$3

Miss Vandon's story of her conversion
to Christ and His Church is an illumi-
nating, and often frightening, analysis of
rootless modern man living without
God. Raised with little significant reli-
gious instruction, she conceived a dis-
dain for religion. Describing her view
of life at the age of 17, she concludes
with these words:

Life was a curse. . . . When you
came to boil it all down, what did
it amount to in the end? Nothing.
Just nothing. You were born. You
went through all the awful business
of growing up and trying to get
things sorted out, and while you
were still doing it you started to
decay, and then, before you knew
what had happened, you were dead
before you had had time to get

anything sorted out at all. It just
didn't make sense—any of it.

At this time she met a doctor who,
through frequent discussions over sev-
eral years, indoctrinated her with a ma-
terialistic philosophy of life which was
dedicated to freedom in the sense of the
absence of all restraint. At 21 she left
home to live alone as an artist.

What did I want? I didn't know.
I thought I wanted life and experi-
ence, freedom and knowledge, ad-
venture and the unknown. And all
the time, deep in the innermost re-
cesses of my being, there lurked
that vague dissatisfaction, that half-
acknowledged longing for another,
more "real," reality.

The truth was that from her early
years on she was to be plagued by
"devils"—recurrent feelings of loneliness,
hopelessness and emptiness, bordering
on despair. Having tried the sources of
pleasure, she turned to narcotics and
eventually to Freudian psychoanalysis.
For many years she found no relief.
Then unexpectedly her relief came
when she spoke with a priest on the
barren, almost primitive island of Aran
off the west coast of Ireland. The grace
of God, working silently, presently re-
vealed itself.

Then one day (it is difficult to
describe this) it was as if suddenly
a shutter shot up in my mind, let-
ting in a flood of white light in
which I "saw" (in some way un-
derstood completely) the whole of
what the priest had told me—about
God, Christ, heaven, hell and eter-
nity—in one tremendous flash.

The reader will find this life history akin
to the *Confessions* of St. Augustine in
its probing of the mind and its motives
and the hidden feelings which affect it.
It exposes the superficiality and insecur-
ity of a modern sophistication based on
irreligion and a mistaken notion of
freedom. It is a fascinating story su-
perbly told. BERNARD J. MURRAY

RIBBON CREEK

By Brig. Gen. William B. McKean,
U.S.M.C. (Ret.). Dial. 534p. \$5

On the night of April 8, 1956, Drill In-
structor Sgt. Matthew McKean led
Marine Recruit Platoon 71 into Ribbon
Creek at Parris Island to discipline
them. Six recruits drowned. Sgt. Mc-
Kean was court-martialed and the trial
brought Marine training before the bar
of public opinion as much as the guilt
or innocence of McKean. Now Brig.
Gen. William B. McKean, the Drill In-
structor's commanding officer at the

time, reviews the tragedy and the trial.

In minute detail *Ribbon Creek* por-
trays the character not only of the major
personages but even of the minor char-
acters in the *affaire* McKean. The inci-
dents connected with the tragedy unfold
before a backdrop, explained at great
length, of Marine training at Parris
Island. Gen. McKean comments on the
procedure, the evidence, the findings
and the recommendations of the Inquiry
Board set up to investigate and recom-
mend action. With perhaps even great-
er attention to the slightest nuance, he
relates and analyzes every step in the
movement of the court martial. With-
out comment but with an abundance of
material the General charts the interest
of the press from the bare announce-
ment of the tragedy to lengthy articles
questioning the wisdom of maintaining



in a democratic society an institution
like the Marine Corps. If attention to
detail is an indication of love, this re-
view of a tragedy and a trial is, as the
author states, a work of love.

But *Ribbon Creek* is more than a re-
telling of the trial. It is a revealing
study that maintains a thesis. The au-
thor holds that it would have been bet-
ter for McKean and for the Marine
Corps in general had the matter been
dealt with in a less frenetic way by
other established administrative pro-
cedures. McKean would have been pre-
emptorily separated from the Corps,
true. But his present position, reduced
to private with never a chance to re-
gain his former rank, is not better. Also,
by these alternative procedures the
Corps would have been saved all the
adverse publicity, and would have been
able to effect needed reforms by a re-
turn to the original spirit of the Corps
rather than by the imposition of a
formalistic supervision.

This book is not easy reading. The
mass of detail and the unusual arrange-
ment of different parts of the story may
make the reader feel like one of the
Marine recruits stumbling about in the
swamp of Ribbon Creek. But the pa-
tient will be rewarded. Here, for lawyer
and layman alike, is spread out the evi-
dence needed to come to a decision on
the guilt or innocence of Sgt. McKean
and on the value or disvalue of Marine
Corps training. JEROME A. PETZ



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"It would be a wonderful research aid if you would publish an index."—Rhode Island reader of AMERICA

THE INDEX

TO VOLUME 99

(April 5, 1958 to Sept. 27, 1958)

is now ready. If you are a subscriber and wish a copy, just let us have your request.

The America Press
70 E. 45th Street
New York 17, N. Y.

Past and Present on Race

Governor Faubus, Harry Byrd and others in their company may be stirring up a lot of ructions, but they are certainly a boon to publishers. Books treating racial question or the Negro have proliferated from two or three a year to two or three a week. Here are over half a dozen of them caught, so to speak, on the wing. The more you read, the more intelligently you can talk.

The organization and rich content of *Separate but Equal*, by Louis R. Harlan (U. of N. Carolina, 290p., \$6), deserve more than a passing comment. As a study of "public school education and racism in the South, 1901-1915," it tells the story of a group of highly distinguished educators and philanthropists who hoped that unjust racial inequalities could be dissipated by raising the general level of Southern education. They operated notably through the Southern Education Board as well as through the (Rockefeller) General Education Board.

Both white and Negro education owe a permanent debt to such idealists as George Foster Peabody, Robert C. Ogden, Edwin Alderman, Edgar Gardner Murphy, not to speak of Julius Rosenwald and the Quaker foundress, Anna T. Jeanes. ("Nothin's better than the Anti-Tigene Fund," I heard an old Maryland oysterman say, "for us to git a decent school.")

How far were their suppositions correct? The record of accomplishment is great, yet they did not succeed in exercising inequality and the spirit that favored it. The strength of the philanthropic movement lay in its generosity, its moderation and its intense desire to heal the nation's wounds. Its fatal weakness was the inability to grasp the Negro's real situation, and the basic moral issues involved.

The disastrous effects of unequal educational opportunity may make us forget the heroic men and women of both races who labored for the Negro's educational development despite existing handicaps. *The Honey-pod Tree* (Day, 300p., \$4.50) is the first-person biography of Thomas Calhoun Walker (1862-1953), a far-sighted and self-sacrificing Virginia Negro educator. The honey-pod tree that sheltered the old slave-auction block in his native Gloucester, was for him the symbol of that slavery of ignorance and backwardness which he spent most of his remarkable 91 years in banishing for countless young people of his race. The struggles, the experiences, the homely wisdom

and the great resourcefulness of "Lawyer Walker," as this friend of the friendless came to be known, constitute a fine example of a life built up to great stature in battling adversity.

Willie Mae, by Elizabeth Kytle (Knopf, 243p., \$3.50), is, like the preceding, in the first person: an unpretending, but thoroughly genuine human document. This Georgia servant girl's unconquerable cheerfulness and her flow of racy language season the bitter harshness of her trouble-filled life. "Things rocked along and went along," says Willie Mae, "and I'd go from one job to another when I had to. Sometimes I'd get a sorry one. I'd always tough it out for a right smart spell, but finally I'd think, Lord, nothing can't be worse than this, so I'd quit, and go some place else, and so I'd come to find out I'd got out of the sandspurs and fell into the poison oak." She was about ready to quit Georgia forever—for specifically detailed reasons—but finally decided to continue toughing it out, "for two Talmadges don't make one Georgia." I recommend Willie Mae.

Back in 1875 George W. Cable, the distinguished Southern literary genius, wrote to the New Orleans *Bulletin*:



"The superiority of race, as I see it, is not a sufficient cause for separating children where contact does not and cannot place them on an equality."

The selection of Cable's writings on civil rights in the South, edited by Arlin Turner and entitled *The Negro Question* (Doubleday, 286p., \$3.95), surprises the present-day reader by their boldness and pertinence to contemporary issues. As "a native Louisianian and ex-Confederate," George Cable felt duty-bound to speak at length and often on "the most urgent question before the nation": how in the new order the Declaration of Independence could be truly implemented. He failed to convince his countrymen, and relapsed into silence. But his many utterances between 1875 and 1880 are as telling today as they were some 80 years ago.

Harriet Harmon Dexter, teacher and counselor of girls at Northland College,

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Asbland, Wis., collects facts and figures on the positive topic: *What's Right with Race Relations?* (Harper, 248p., \$4.) Carefully indexed and competently organized, her 20 chapters cover an impressive list of positive gains in the fields of civil rights, public transportation, labor, education and other areas of public life. While reflecting in general the experiences and observations of a Protestant church worker, Mrs. Dexter does not overlook Catholic advances in this field.

Since we have listed this much, let us squeeze one more title into our list, one which deserves a full-length review of its own. Unesco's recent publication, *Minorities in the New World*, by Charles Wagley and Marvin Harris (Columbia, 320p., \$6), is a set of six case studies on carefully selected types

Our Reviewers

A reporter seemed the best man to report on *The Reporter's Trade*, and so we asked EDWIN T. FOLLIARD, 1947 Pulitzer Prize winner and White House correspondent of the *Washington Post*, to pass judgment.

VICTOR R. YANITELLI, S.J., formerly professor of modern languages at Fordham University, now teaches philosophy there. BERNARD J. MURRAY, S.J., is assistant chairman of the Department of Theology at Fordham.

When the famous McKeon case shocked the nation in 1956, JEROME A. PETZ, S.J., commented on the implications of Marine discipline in an article in *AMERICA* (8/18/56, pp. 460-61). We asked him to comment on *Ribbon Creek* this week. He is professor of equity and labor law at the U. of Detroit Law School.

HELEN DOLAN directs the ordering of paperback books at Macy's Department Store, New York City. JOHN LAFARGE, S.J., brings almost a half-century's experience to bear on his roundup of books on interracial questions.

of minorities: The American Indian, in Brazil and in Mexico; the Negro, in Martinique and the United States; the European immigrant: French Canadians and Jews. The study is concluded by a lucid anthropological survey. In treating both the Indians and the Negroes, it is inspiring to see that the authors have made ample use of Prof.

Frank Tannenbaum's admirable little book, *Slave or Citizen* (Knopf, 1947), and drawn from a great wealth of standard resources. Their matter is also supplemented by reading lists for each chapter. The term "minority" is precisely defined. "Minorities will find no rewards, nor will our nations extend democratic rights to all citizens without conflict in the process. Yet conflict may be regulated within the institutional framework of our societies." Such a broad, dispassionate view of the wide scope of the "minorities" question is essential for treating it competently here and now.

JOHN LAFARGE

Picking the Paperbacks

A HISTORY OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE, by D. S. Mirsky, ed. by F. J. Whitfield (Knopf Vintage Book. 383p. \$1.25). Beginning with the 11th century and ending with 1900, this panoramic view of literature, ineluctably linked with history, is presented with great scholarship and by an observant mind that illuminates the complexities of Russian thought and its literary art.

ROMAN LITERATURE, by Michael Grant (Penguin Books. 287p. 85¢). A very

readable survey of the writings of the great Romans before the advent of Christianity, with a brief epilog on Christian prose and poetry. Translations of passages from many periods show the writers' impact on their own day as well as the continuing influence up to our own day.

A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX, by Bruce Catton (Pocket Books. 497p. 50¢). This is war reporting that is vivid and understanding. The last year of the Civil War comes to the reader in all its agonizing bitterness, but described by a poetic pen that captures the humanity and reality of an army in battle. The author's sources were official records and Federal soldiers' letters, and the Pulitzer Prize was acknowledgment of his contribution to American history.

THREE GREAT PLAYS OF EURIPIDES, transl. by Rex Warner (New American Library. 192p. 75¢). The complete texts of *Medea*, *Hippolytus* and *Helen*, in a new translation by a noted English scholar. With great fidelity to the original text, he brings to the modern reader the quality that set Euripides apart in his own time: compassion for those who suffer. In this the ancient Greek speaks to every age.



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AMERICA'S BOOK-LOG

THE TEN BEST-SELLING BOOKS FOR DECEMBER

1. **LIFE OF CHRIST** By Fulton J. Sheen. McGraw-Hill, \$6.50
2. **AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ST. THERESE OF LISIEUX**
Translated by Ronald Knox. Kenedy, \$4.50
3. **CROWN OF GLORY** By Hatch and Walshe. Hawthorn, \$4.95
4. **THIS IS THE MASS** By Daniel-Rops, Fulton J. Sheen and Yousuf Karsh. Hawthorn, \$4.95
5. **YOU** By M. Raymond, O.C.S.O. Bruce, \$4.50
6. **SAINTS AND SNAPDRAGONS** By Lucile Hasley. Sheed & Ward, \$3.00
7. **THE JOYFUL BEGGAR** By Louis De Wohl. Lippincott, \$3.95
8. **DOCTOR ZHIVAGO** By Boris Pasternak. Pantheon, \$5.00
9. **THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE** By Thomas Merton. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.00
10. **WITNESS OF THE LIGHT** By Katherine Burton. Longmans, Green, \$4.00

The stores listed below report their best-selling books during the current month. Popularity is estimated both by the frequency with which a book is mentioned and by its relative position in each report. The point system, plus the geographical spread of the stores, gives a good view of Catholic reading habits. Appreciation for the service can best be shown by patronizing the stores.

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CLEVELAND, William Taylor Son & Co., 630 Euclid Ave.
COLUMBUS, Cathedral Book Shop, 205 E. Broad St.
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KANSAS CITY, Mo., Catholic Community Bookshop, 301 East Armour Blvd.
LOS ANGELES, C. F. Horan Co., 120 W. 2nd St.
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MILWAUKEE, The Church Mart, 779 Water St.
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NEW BEDFORD, Keatings Book House, 562 County St.
NEW HAVEN, The Saint Thomas More Gift Shop, 1102 Chapel St.

NEW YORK, Ave Maria Shop, 11 Barclay St.
NEW YORK, Benziger Bros., Inc., 6-8 Barclay St.
NEW YORK, P. J. Kennedy & Sons, 12 Barclay St.
NEW YORK, Frederick Pustet Co., Inc., 14 Barclay St.
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SCRANTON, Diocesan Guild Studios, 309 Wyoming Ave.
SEATTLE, The Kaufer Co., 1904 Fourth Ave.
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SPOKANE, De Sales Catholic Book Shop, 10 S. Wall St.
TOLEDO, John A. Reger Catholic Supply House, 712 Madison Ave.
TORONTO, The O'Gorman Co., 650 Yonge St.
VANCOUVER, B. C., Curley's Catholic Supplies, 563 Hamilton St.
WASHINGTON, D. C., William J. Gallery & Co., 718 11th St., N. W.
WESTMINSTER, Md., The Newman Bookshop.
WHEELING, Corcoran's Church Goods Co., 32 12th St.
WINNIPEG, MAN., F. J. Tonkin Co., Ltd., 103 Princess St.

NUCLEAR WEAPONS AND FOREIGN POLICY, by Henry A. Kissinger (Doubleday Anchor Book, 259p. 95¢). An abridged edition of the book which grew out of a study conducted by the Council on Foreign Relations, a group of experts in all the related fields of defense, politics, nuclear technology and diplomacy. A provocative answer to the modern dilemma of peace or annihilation.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN, by Eric John Dingwall (New American Library, 288p. 50¢). An historical study of American women and their role in society from Puritan days up to the present. Devastatingly frank and open discussion of the whys and wherefores of the typical American girl. The author, a British anthropologist, presents a positive answer as well as candid criticism.

THE MYTH OF THE NEGRO PAST, by Melville J. Herskovits (Beacon Press, 368p. \$2.25). An important monograph by a distinguished anthropologist on the African background of the American Negro. Differing radically from his predecessors in this field, but producing many examples from fresh source material, the author shows that the present has deep roots in the past, and must be taken into account before understanding can result.

HELEN DOLAN

FILMS

THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS (20th Century-Fox) is a portrait of supernaturally motivated human goodness. There are few enough of these on the screen; this one deserves a warm welcome.

The film is based on the story of an actual person. Gladys Aylward was an unprepossessing, uneducated English servant girl who became convinced, seemingly against all reason and practical common-sense considerations, that God wanted her to go to China as a Protestant missionary. As really dedicated people have a habit of doing, she overcame the apparently insuperable obstacles in her path and in the early 1930's got to China, where she obtained a post at a remote mission in the northern mountains. Once there, she accomplished a tremendous amount of good, though her triumphs (this may be a movie expedient) were more sociological than religious. The climax of this phase of her missionary activity and of the movie came when, single-handed, she led one hundred or so orphans, some of them scarcely more than babes

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in arms, on an agonizing journey to safety from the advancing Japanese Army.

The picture has faults. Chief among them is that Ingrid Bergman, though she plays Gladys with sincerity and conviction, cannot by any stretch of the imagination look unprepossessing and this tends to reduce somewhat the magnitude of the heroine's achievements. Also, in these days when location photography is the rule rather than the exception, the film's studio sets do not inject enough oriental atmosphere into the color and CinemaScope proceedings. Nevertheless, its account of the miracles that religiously inspired selflessness can accomplish is laudable and affecting. [L of D: A-I]

AUNTIE MAME (Warner) is a multi-million-dollar, two-hour-and-twenty-three-minute Technicolor soufflé which is being widely hailed as perfect escapist entertainment. I beg leave to dissent from this majority opinion, though I don't doubt but that the film will return a handsome profit on its investment.

As just about everyone must know by this time, the movie is based on Patrick Dennis' supposedly biographical reminiscences of the fabulously rich and Bohemian aunt who raised him after he was orphaned at the age of ten during the last days of the roaring 'twenties. Though the role of Auntie Mame has tested the versatility of a number of actresses, as well as their stamina and ability to look glamorous in a series of outlandish, high-style fashions, Rosalind Russell created the part on the stage, has made it her own and repeats it on the screen. Undeniably, it is an astonishing performance. Just as undeniably, some of the picture's dialog and succession of loosely connected episodes are entertaining. But the central character represents eccentricity without substance and unconventionality without balancing moral principle. As a result, the film is all façade and hollow at the core. Furthermore, some of its humor, especially that concerning the unfortunate pregnancy of the heroine's mentally and physically retarded secretary, is worse than hollow.

[L of D: A-III]

tom thumb (MGM) and THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD (Columbia) are a pair of screen fairy stories featuring excellent color- and trick-photography, which are aimed especially at the juvenile Christmas trade.

tom thumb (the studio insists on the lower case spelling) stars Russ Tamblyn

as the five-inches-tall hero and is done with a gentleness, charm and artfulness that are nicely in keeping with the spirit of the Brothers Grimm original.

[L of D: A-I]

The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad, coincidentally enough, has a princess (Kathy Grant) who is also five inches tall for at least part of the time. Most of its other concepts are of a more muscular variety, such as oversize prehistoric and mythical beasts, and its spirit, shrewdly geared to what youngsters will sit still for, is more comic book than traditional fairy tale. If they are resilient enough not to be frightened by it, however, the small fry will probably like it as well as or better than tom thumb. [L of D: A-I] MOIRA WALSH

THEATRE

LA PLUME DE MA TANTE, imported from France and installed at the Royale by David Merrick and Joseph Kipness, is a bravura exhibition of Gallic humor and acting virtuosity. A few weeks back, during the too brief stay of Théâtre National Populaire on Broadway, your observer commented on the marvelously fluid style of French actors in classical drama. In *La Plume* we encounter the prowess of French actors in low comedy.

In structure, the production is a succession of specialty acts, formerly called vaudeville, that reflect various aspects of French humor. One of the scenes can, by a stretch of imagination, be called risqué, and another may be in questionable taste by our reckoning, but it would be taken in stride by the French—like those street-corner comfort stations. If the borderline scenes had been scissored from the script, *La Plume* would still be a riot of hilarity.

Mention of acting credits will be eschewed, on the grounds that there are too many sparkling performances for individual recognition; to name one without naming all would be invidious and unfair.

THE MAN WHO NEVER DIED, presented by Irving Strouse at the Jan Hus, is a drama based on one of the numerous miscarriages of justice in the labor wars of the early years of the century. The leading character is one Joe Hill, the inspirational leader of a left-wing union. During a strike he was arrested, brought to trial, convicted and executed for the murder of a shopkeeper.

His fellow unionists claimed he was the victim of a frame-up—which he

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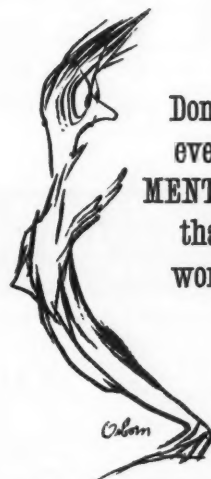
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probably was, as the evidence against him was rather tenuous. The case attracted international attention. Protests came from unions all over America and Europe; other groups interested in simple justice spoke up; President Wilson and the Swedish Ambassador intervened.

Barrie Stavits has condensed the Joe Hill story into a stirring drama for mature theatregoers who are interested in something more than entertainment. There are technical flaws in the play, which need not be mentioned, but few in the performance. The production suffers, however, by being contrary to the mood of the time. In the depression years, when *The Cradle Will Rock* was produced, *The Man Who Never Died* would have been a hit.

THE SHADOW OF A GUNMAN. Sean O'Casey has lived long enough to see himself included among the Olympians of modern dramatists, ranking below only Ibsen, Shaw, Rostand and O'Neill. This drama at the Bijou, sponsored by Cheryl Crawford and Joel Schenker, is one of his early plays, written for the Abbey Theatre before he became a cosmic seer privy to the answers to all the mysteries of the universe. The scene is in Dublin, in 1920, and the subject is Irish character under the pressure of the Black and Tan terror.

It is exciting drama, in any sense you choose, pungent with the tabasco of satire, sans the author's later myopic view of the Church and his truculence toward clergy. An effervescent comedy in the early scenes, deliciously humorous in characterization, line and situation, the play suddenly changes in mood from comic to tragic, as often happens in this uncertain world. It is rewarding drama in both moods.

Graduates of Actors' Studio, directed by Jack Garfein, transmit the nuances of the script in a fine ensemble performance. Peter Larkin designed the set.

SALAD DAYS. There are times when show-business credits are rather cumbersome. For instance, the playbill informs us that Nicholas Benton and Stanley Flink, Inc., are the sponsors of the Bill Freedman & Barry Morse, Ltd., production of the delightful musical comedy by Julian Slade and Dorothy Reynolds (by arrangement with Linnit and Dunfee, Ltd.). It seems that numerous hands were involved in helping *Salad Days* along the way from London, via Toronto, to its residence at the Barizon-Plaza Theatre.

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If ten times as many helpful hands had been needed, there would have been no waste of effort. An unpretentious love story, *Salad Days* is a refreshing excursion into an idyllic world of which we often dream but which we rarely enter. The story is rich in sentiment, touched with the garlic of satire, continuously humorous and melodious with the tinkle of a magic piano that keeps the characters and the hearts of the audience dancing to a merry and provocative tune.

Directed by Barry Morse, the performance blends nicely with the guileless spirit of the story, and the music, by a composer not identified in the playbill, has a teasing tickle-toe lilt. Too many performers to mention handle their roles as spontaneously as if they were living them—the highest achievement in acting. Settings and costumes, respectively by Murray Laufer and Clare Jeffery, are effective contributions to a production that seems to echo the vernal freshness of one's personal youth.

Salad Days has been running in London going on five years. There should be enough intelligent theatregoers in New York to beat that score.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

THE WORD

You do ill, therefore, to pass judgment prematurely, before the Lord's coming; He will bring to light what is hidden in darkness, and reveal the secrets of men's hearts . . . (I Cor. 4:5; Epistle for the Fourth Sunday of Advent).

Again we meet, in an Advent Mass-lesson, an adaptation of what St. Paul says about the final coming of Christ as Judge. The Church applies it to the Christmas coming of Christ by supernatural grace. Partisans and agitators in the Corinthian church had been comparing Paul unfavorably with other Christian missionaries. Complaint was made of the Apostle's lack of Greek rhetoric, a charge which Paul readily admitted. One senses that other, more serious criticisms were being heard. St. Paul remains calm. "Very well," he says equivalently, "but let us not be hasty. Let us wait and see." *You do ill, therefore, to pass judgment prematurely, before the Lord's coming . . .*

Perhaps we ought to heed this Pauline and liturgical hint of Holy Mother

Church. *Before the Lord's* [newest] coming, which is now so imminent, let us examine a little our tendency to pass judgment prematurely.

It is regrettable but generally true—unless, as may well be, the writer mistakes himself for everyone else—that as we grow older there seem to be many more fools around and about, and it seems to be more difficult to deal patiently with them. The judgment itself is harsh, and St. Paul would not like it at all.

But our statement is, we trust, neither merely pretentious nor really insincere. That neighbor of whom our Lord spoke so clearly and firmly is sometimes a pleasure to encounter; sometimes he is nothing of the sort, but rather a pest or a clown or a boor—to put the matter gently.

But these are judgments, you see: X is a pest, Y is a clown, Z is a boor. I sense the redoubtable Paul of Tarsus looking over my shoulder and frowning at the verdicts I have so swiftly and fearlessly recorded. Could it be that I tend to be premature in my bold findings with reference to X, Y and Z, all of whom God has created, Christ has redeemed and the Holy Spirit has sent into my life this day or this week for their eternal good and mine?

There is a very real sense in which every new birth of Christ at Christmas should bring to light what is hidden in darkness, and reveal the secrets of men's hearts. The homeless, penniless, powerless Baby lying on straw in a stable-cave must instruct us, as no one else and nothing else can, in the unperceived value of every individual human being. What is hidden in the darkness of every unattractive personality is a value that stands beyond all price, for that value is the riches of Christ's blood. The secrets of men's hearts are the pure desires, the noble aspirations, the generous instincts which sleep under the most irritating and unimpressive exterior coats, and which could come to life, under the breath of God's grace, at any moment. Men are apt to be better and finer than I, headstrong and rash, choose to think them; just as the Little One whimpering and cooing in the manger was truly and in very deed what Bethlehem and later Nazareth and later yet Jerusalem would not credit Him to be.

When, this year, I gaze again, and again so gladly, on the crib, I will try earnestly to see all that is there: God's Son and God Himself; the pathetic, needy and well-deserving son of Everyman; and Everyman himself.

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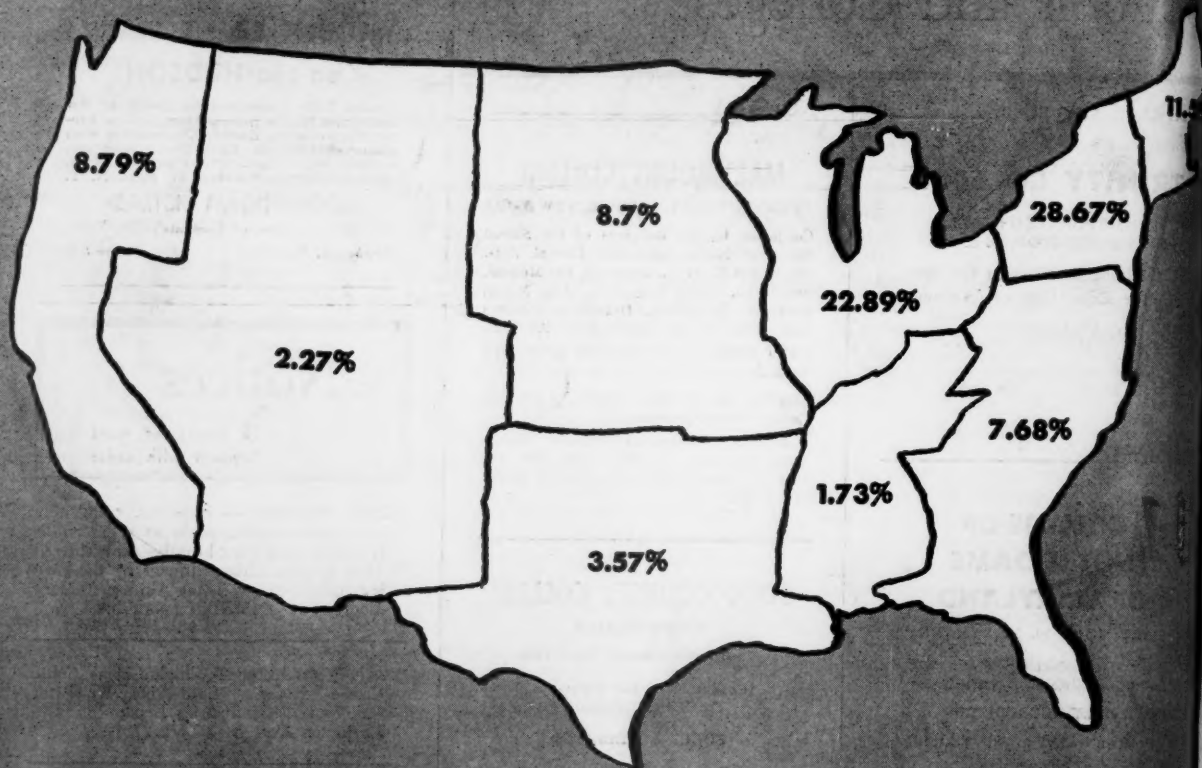
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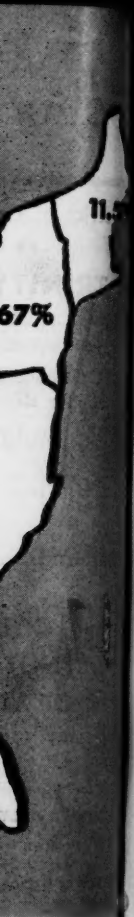
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